



THE LITERARY DIGEST



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TOPICS OF THE DAY



LEGACIES OF THE EXTRA SESSION

NO ONE but a mathematical expert, thinks one Western editor, could figure out which side scored the victory in the extra session of the Sixty-second Congress, which closed last week. The legislative record may be summed up easily. Four important measures were passed, providing for Canadian reciprocity, the admission of Arizona and New Mexico to Statehood, Congressional reapportionment increasing the House membership from 391 to 433, and campaign publicity. On the other hand, the House and the Senate could not agree on a plan for the direct election of Senators, and President Taft vetoed a Farmers' Free List Bill and other tariff measures revising the wool, cotton, and other schedules. The President's gratification over the passage of the Reciprocity Bill was, perhaps, slightly lessened by the Senate's failure to ratify the Arbitration Treaties with Great Britain and France. Then there must be recorded the numerous investigations set on foot by the House and Senate, most of which will report at the regular session, beginning next December.

Nevertheless, editors, Washington correspondents, and interviewed statesmen all remind us that what Congress did in the way of legislative accomplishment is less important in the public eye than what it did in the way of setting the political ball rolling, and making issues for the Presidential campaign in 1912. The record of the session has been "one of activity more than accomplishment," remarks the *New York Tribune* (Rep.). It was "altogether a confusing, disturbing, bushwhacking session," says the *Springfield Republican* (Ind.), "a playing for party position and issues in a political war to come rather than a gathering in of the results of the past conflict." And in this play for party position, thinks the Massachusetts paper, "the Democrats come out best of all, the President second best, and the insurgent Republicans worst of all; while the position of the Republican party as a whole can be found by striking an average between the positions of the last two factors in this melting and recasting of parties."

Deeming it "unlikely that the regular session will disturb the relations now laid down," the *Denver Rocky Mountain News* (Ind.) voices a widely prevalent opinion that it is now settled that "the issue in the next campaign is the tariff." In its rather disparaging view of the special session, just two things stand forth to the *Philadelphia North American* (Ind. Rep.):

"First, a wise, good principle—that of reciprocity—has been enacted into law, but so applied as only to profit more unduly

special privilege, already too highly protected for the safety of the true protective system, while working an injustice to one-third of the nation's population.

"Second, that absolutely no relief has been given to the American consumer, except the American newspaper, despite the fact that both the House and Senate sent to President Taft, for his approval, measures which, but for his veto, would have brought immediate relief to the cost of living, without destroying legitimate, honest protection of a single American industry."

That the country's verdict on the extra session will be favorable to the party which controlled the House of Representatives for the first time in sixteen years, is the practically unanimous conclusion of the Democratic press. Agreeing with Speaker Clark that "the Democrats have made a record which has surprised our friends and dumfounded our enemies," the *New York Times* (Ind. Dem.) asserts that the party has "put itself in a position to win and to deserve the victory in next year's election." In an editorial which the *Springfield Republican* considers "an important sign of the times," the *Kansas City Star* thus "records its conviction as an independent newspaper":

"In the session just ending the Democratic Congressional organization has shown itself alert, intelligent, and sincere in promoting progressive measures. . . . In passing the Reciprocity Bill without amendments the Democratic Congressmen resisted tempting opportunities to play politics and worked sincerely for what they believed to be the country's best interests. They might have sought to make political capital out of reciprocity. That they did not—except in the broad way of helping the party by helping the country—went far to win them public esteem. Three big achievements for revision downward are put to their credit in the Wool Bill, the Farmers' Free-list Bill, and the Cotton Bill. Each one of these measures promised the country relief from tariff exactions. Each one of them was a sincere effort to remedy glaring evils. Each one of them was blocked—most mistakenly and most unfortunately—by the President. . . . It is simple truth to say that the record of the special session has enormously strengthened the confidence of independent voters in the capacity of the Democratic party as represented in Congress. On the strength of this record, with a Presidential candidate like Governor Wilson, in whom the country believes, the party would make a powerful appeal to the nation next year."

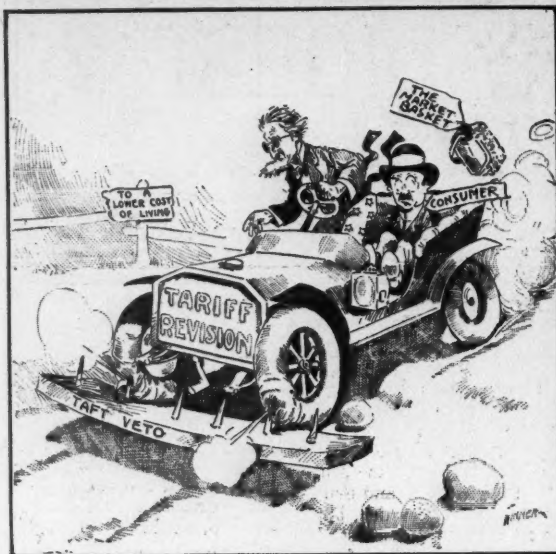
In vetoing the three tariff bills sent up to him, President Taft committed political suicide and ruined his party's chances of retaining power after the next national campaign, if we are to believe many Democratic and a few independent papers with pronounced progressive tendencies. By this act he "has cast his fortunes with the Republican element that represents tariff abuses, not tariff reform," declares the *New York World* (Dem.). The President "stands to-day as the mightiest friend of

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PUNCTURED.

—Winner in the Pittsburg Post.



ALL'S WELL ALONG THE POTOMAC.

—Spencer in the Omaha World-Herald.

VIEWS OF A VETO.

Privilege," echoes the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (Dem.). "Can Privilege renominate and reelect him?" And in no less sweeping terms the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* (Ind. Rep.), convicts him of failure, for "he has refused to grant relief from an 'indefensible' schedule" and "the responsibility is his." By a paper even more closely identified with the insurgent cause, the *Madison Wisconsin State Journal* (Ind.), the President's reasoning against the revised schedules is called "child's prattle"; "the great human battle at all times is the battle against poverty and want." But the "battle that interests President Taft is to take care of and protect his 'standpat' friends." The "stubborn vetoes" which fell "like a withering blight upon the honest harvest of Congressional labors," compels Mr. Hearst's *New York American* (Ind.) "reluctantly to admit" that "Mr. Taft has arrived at the cross-roads of his career, and has taken the wrong turning." This editor concludes:

"Mr. Taft's excuse for condemning the people of the United

States to an indefinite prolongation of their starvings and shiverings for the coddling of fatted trusts is, to well-informed men, not even a palliation.

"He says we must wait for the report of the Tariff Board. But everybody knows, or should know: first, that no action is likely to be taken on the report of the Tariff Board on the eve of a Presidential election, and that the Tariff Board as it stands is an incompetent guide to tariff reform, because of the narrow limitation of its powers, the partizan character of its composition, and the small-bore caliber of its personnel.

"The conclusion of the whole matter is that there stands in the front of American politics something besides Schedule K that is wholly and pitifully 'indefensible.'

"It is the President himself."

Turning to the Republican press, we find the *New York Tribune's* correspondent throwing a very different light upon the history of this remarkable session. He says:

"The tariff legislation fathered by the Democratic House will forever constitute a monument to Democratic incapacity, insincerity, and lack of constructive statesmanship. The record of the session has written in indelible figures the word 'Demagogues' across the records of the insurgent Senators. The events of the last five months have served to reveal to the American people the sterling character, the manliness and imperturbable sincerity of their President, who, with absolute singleness of purpose, has sought only to do his duty, trusting implicitly to the intelligence of the American people to determine if his work were good or ill. . . . Convinced of the far-reaching importance of the Canadian reciprocity agreement, he believed no question of partizan or personal political fortune should influence him to leave untaken any step which would further its approval. All other possibilities of the extraordinary session he regarded by comparison as inconsequent and immaterial. And the full measure of his disinterested advocacy of the reciprocity agreement can be compassed only by those who know that he had determined that if it were defeated he would not accept a renomination for the Presidency. He would have regarded himself as a failure, whatever might have been the verdict of the American people."

"Putting it up to the President" didn't work, agrees the *Worcester Gazette* (Ind.) "Mr. Taft is now stronger with the people for his vetoes." Similar emphatic statements are found in the editorial pages of the *Chicago Record-Herald* (Ind.), *Milwaukee Sentinel* (Rep.), *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* (Rep.), *Albany Journal* (Rep.), *Philadelphia Press* (Rep.), and *The Textile Manufacturers' Journal* (New York). The Democratic *New*



AN AWKWARD POSE WHEN YOUR BEST GIRL IS PASSING.

—Winner in the Pittsburg Post.



NOBODY SHALL ATTEMPT A RESCUE UNTIL MY EXPERT HERE SHOWS THEM HOW—AND HE WON'T BE READY UNTIL DECEMBER.

—From the Omaha World-Herald.



MR. TAFT—"Wait a little, Doc! When he brings the lamp you can see what you are doing!"

—Wilder in the Chicago Record-Herald.

TARIFF TARRYINGS

Orleans Picayune, which thinks that Congress wasted the greater part of five months accomplishing nothing except the passage of the Canadian reciprocity agreement, commends the President for his stand against "tariff tinkering." In the "skirmishing for 1912," President Taft has had rather the better of it, in the opinion of the Brooklyn Eagle (Ind. Dem.), and the Philadelphia Record (Ind. Dem.). Quoting the latter:

"In order to save the party from itself—and for himself—he negotiated the reciprocity agreement as a moderate mitigation of the present tariff. His party having turned its back upon it, he called a special session of a Congress, Democratic in one branch, which most of the leaders of his own party protested against. With Democratic votes he got the agreement enacted. Then he vetoed all the really Democratic legislation that came to him, and while the Senate remains Republican he may be able to defeat any further tariff legislation. This placates the extreme Protectionists, who have been growing hostile to him. He is now certain to be renominated, and his party has a chance to win, which it would not have had if there had been no modification whatever of the present tariff."

"Betsy Ross's flag is finished," exultantly exclaimed the Phoenix Arizona Republican, when the news came of the final passage of the second Statehood Bill. "The twenty-year struggle for Statehood has ended in victory; at last the door into the Union swings open." It is taken for granted by the press that Arizona will accept the terms proffered by Congress, and abandon, at least temporarily, the recall of judges. With the admission of New Mexico and Arizona, notes the New York World,

"The old continuous United States of the mainland will all be equipped for State government. For some time to come, at least, the Senate membership will remain fixt at ninety-six. Since the war we have heard less and less of the old slave-holders' scheme of dividing Texas into four States; and the splendid Lone Star commonwealth itself would now be the first to object. We are yet a long way from following the example of France and admitting certain colonies to voting representation in Washington. The stars in the flag will remain forty-eight for many years to come."

As these States are "in the South and largely settled by the South, they are more likely to go Democratic than Republican," thinks the Boston Transcript (Rep.), but more important, in the eye of the Springfield Republican, than the accession of

two or perhaps four new members to the Democratic ranks in the United States Senate, "is the fact that New York and Pennsylvania combined will have no more power in the upper branch of Congress than these two 'sagebrush' States whose combined population is not much more than the population of some of the blocks in New York City below Forty-second Street."

RUEF AMONG THE REFORMERS

THAT ABRAHAM RUEF, "the sometime ruler and exploiter of San Francisco's vice, has intelligence and ability which could be put to useful purposes" is the conclusion arrived at by the New York Times in reflecting upon a plan for prison reform which Ruef has evolved since starting in March on a fourteen-year term in the San Quentin (Cal.) Prison. Ruef's scheme is to form a voluntary benefit association



"DID YOU NOTICE HOW WE TRAPT TAFT?"

—Triggs in the New York Press.



STUNG!

—Rehse in the New York Evening Mail.

with dues at three dollars a year, which shall "help the convicted criminal to tide over that desolate period when he first returns to liberty." While the general effect would be the same as in the method recently suggested by Governor Foss, of Massachusetts, Ruef declares that "so far as I know, the plan is new, and will be entirely practicable and successful." He has accordingly submitted it to the State Board of Prison Directors; and the president of the Board, Charles Montgomery, is quoted as having said that "its statistical estimates are striking, and its logical deductions based on conceded or demonstrated premises seem unanswerable."

The present prison population of California, asserts Ruef, represents some 30,000 families, "so we have before us not only long lines of striped prisoners, snaky ghosts of their former selves, doomed and almost hopeless sepulchres of mind and soul, but we confront and must contemplate also the vast army of those without, who are also directly affected by their imprisonment." He thus outlines his proposal:

"To establish a purely voluntary association among the prisoners here, to be affiliated with the California Prison Commission, or some similar society outside, existing or newly to be established, whose objects roughly stated shall be generally to aid discharged prisoners to tide over the period of non-employment after leaving the prison, including as far as possible, food, lodging, suitable clothing, and employment if necessary, and, other possible means of employment failing, to assist in establishing industrial or agricultural enterprises so that temporary employment may be assured; and also within these walls by special attention and instruction to aid in preparing the men to qualify for work outside—without in any way interfering with the work or routine of prison administration."

That many innocent persons are serving time; and that scores are convicted, not because of their guilt, but because of the enormity of the charge and the demand by over-zealous prosecutors that a sacrifice must be made equal to the crime, are Ruef's contentions. And he continues:

"Notwithstanding mistaken popular impression to the contrary, I believe, from a thorough and rapid survey of the situation, that at least fifty per cent. of the inmates of this institution are not criminals at heart or by nature, that they are capable of restoration to good citizenship and of entire rehabilitation; that of the remaining fifty per cent. over half would, under proper guidance and support, with proper government, and under proper control, be capable of being made into good citizens and useful members of society. And, strange as it may seem, I would not despair of even greatly reducing the category of the irreclaimable in the remaining twenty-five per cent. Tho many of the latter were guilty of terrible crimes, I have found nearly all of them responsive to kindly interest and to the encouragement of words of hope.

"Now, if the discharged prisoner can be placed in a position where he will feel that, as a matter of right, he may accept such aid until he can find employment or is 'put on his feet,' that his association with those that help is not the relation of alms-giver and mendicant, not only will he have assistance until he can help himself, but he will have hope, inspiration, and encouragement

instead of despair, depression, and despondency; and if that sentiment and those feelings can be brought into play before he leaves the prison walls, and if also before his term expires his family and his friends can be made to interest themselves systematically in his future, success would be assured in almost every case."

But Ruef's idea is by no means new, asserts the New York Times, and his suggestions "lack definiteness and practicality." The Times continues:

"Ruef's implication that the ex-convict has a grievance against society because of its harshness and distrust is only half true, since society must protect itself as it is, not as it ought to be, and tho its responsibility for the existence of the criminal can be demonstrated, theoretically and even scientifically, the fact remains that the risk of trusting him is great and that his return for kindness is very apt to be poor. The present obstacles in the way of his return to respectability are great, but they are not insuperable, and probably even now most of the ex-convicts whose saving is beneficial to the race save themselves with little or no help from others. That is how they prove their value."

COUNTY OPTION IN KENTUCKY

THE VAGARIES of the liquor question in politics have never been more aptly illustrated, some editors remark, than in the repudiation of Colonel Bryan last year by the Democrats of Nebraska and the no less pronounced repudiation last month of Colonel Watterson by the Democrats of Kentucky. With Colonel Bryan sounding the cymbals for county option, the members of his own party voted it down; and with Colonel Watterson blaring the trumpets of his Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.) against it, the Kentucky Democrats promptly adopted a "county unit" plank for their State platform. Prohibition under local option laws extends over about five-sixths of Kentucky, but, thinking to make it more complete, the Republicans of the State incorporated county option in their list of declared principles. The Democrats did likewise at Louisville, August 15, so that prohibition as a thing to get votes this fall has been temporarily laid to rest. Colonel Watterson offered a substitute plank which deplored the "effort to drag into party politics a social, moral and religious question having no proper place therein," but it was quickly rejected; and the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.) remarks of the veteran editor that this "only remaining representative of personal journalism in America was unhorsed"; "this interesting man, deserving of a better fate," has "in his old age been left naked to his enemies."

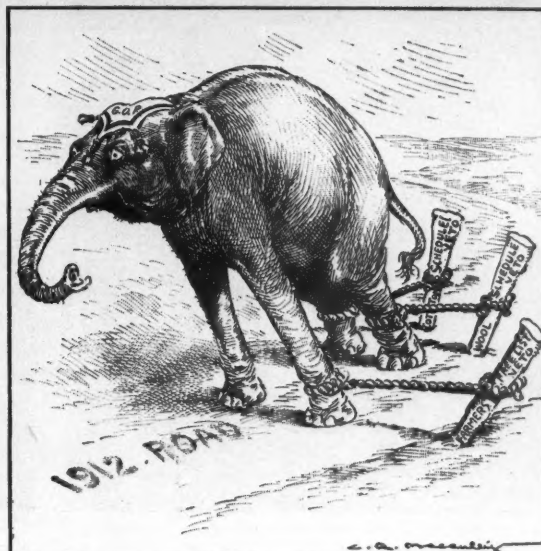
Colonel Watterson's rejected plank contained the principle propounded some time ago by Governor Woodrow Wilson, that "the liquor question has no place in politics," and the Kentuckian asserts that in aping the Republican action, the Democrats "play second fiddle on a hurdy-gurdy." Colonel Watterson goes on:

"The voting down of this plain declaration of the truth of the



AN AWFUL STRAIN FOR A SINGLE STRAND.

—McWhorter in the St. Paul Dispatch.



PEGGED DOWN.

—Macauley in the New York World.

THE PATH PERILOUS.

situation and of axiomatic Democracy, and the substitution of the Republican double-barreled shotgun of 'County Unit,' hid under a Democratic blanket to conceal the theft, with a timorous appendix to the effect that we are against Prohibition will deceive nobody. It is surrender in advance. The Republicans themselves pretend that they are not for State-wide Prohibition—that is, not yet! By accepting their gospel, as far as they have gone, we yield the key to the whole field of operations which is to come after. We take a needless risk. We forge for ourselves a certain chain. Everywhere else 'County Unit' has been the vanguard of Prohibition. Admit it within the walls of Democracy and we have a Trojan horse."

Predicting that the action of the two parties in Kentucky "will assure the passage of a county option law by the next legislature," the *Sioux City Tribune* (Ind.) comments as follows:

"The chief argument for county option is that it makes the territory for the sale of liquor coextensive with the taxpaying unit; that the people who have to pay the increased taxes which, it is alleged, the sale of liquor entails, should determine whether or not liquor should be sold in that territory. On this theory it is argued that the farmer has an interest in the question of whether or not liquor shall be sold in the towns of his county because his tax rate is affected thereby.

"The main contention of those who oppose county option is that, by permitting the inhabitants of rural communities to vote on the question of license in the towns, the principle of home rule is violated, and prohibition at times forced on towns in opposition to local sentiment.

"Like every phase of the liquor problem, each side is certain that the adoption of the opposition's plan means ruin, and it furnishes a fruitful subject of debate wherever it is injected as an issue. In Kentucky, like most other southern States, however, the sentiment for prohibition is strong, because of its intimate connection with the negro problem."

That the passage of a "county unit" measure will bring progress to the State through the destruction of the rum trade is the opinion of the *Louisville Post* (Ind.), and this paper declared recently that "too long have ambitious young men had to fear the frowns of the Beer Trust and the Whisky Ring," and that "subserviency to the liquor traffic means defeat at the polls."

It is going to be a pretty contest in Kentucky this fall, thinks the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, for "as both parties have repudiated the liquor interests, the fight is going to be personal, and Kentuckians, when aroused, know how to fight to the death." This Republican paper is confident that "the Republicans have by

far the best of the situation," and remarks as to Colonel Watter-son, "he was crucified all right enough." But the doughty Colonel retorts, "I do not think my usefulness is at an end," and continues in a dramatic appeal in the columns of *The Courier-Journal*:

"It is for you, fellow Democrats, to say. I am asking of you nothing but justice—nay, in this matter, common decency—but, if I must go down—if at the close of forty years of unselfish and patriotic labor for my country and my party, you are, at the behest of the Beekhams, the Knotts, and the Woodsons, to put foot upon me, I shall go down, please God, shouting, my flag still flying at the masthead, saying to those who are so eager to dig my grave, 'you are but a few weeks ahead in digging your own,' saying to all others, as I shall say to you, 'Forgive them, Lord, they know not what they do.' You may crucify me, but you can not humiliate me or make me afraid!"

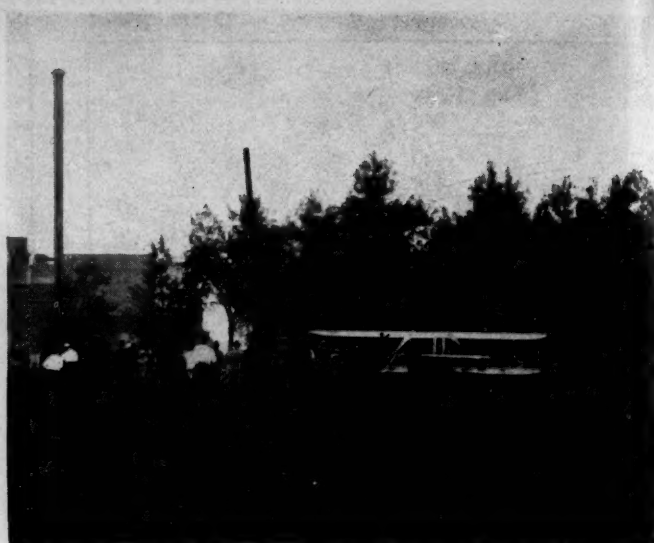
A DEFENSE OF THE CLOSED SHOP

MANY PEOPLE who recognize the good that labor-unions have done for the workingman still can not become reconciled to the "closed shop" which would exclude men who are not members of unions; but Clarence Darrow, of Chicago, seeks to show in *The American Magazine* for September that the position of labor on this subject is justifiable and intimates that the unions must go to pieces if the "open shop" is to prevail. Mr. Darrow is the recognized defender of labor in big court cases. He was attorney for the strikers in the Debs case, for the miners in the famous anthracite coal strike arbitration, for Moyer and Haywood, and has now given up his home and his practise to defend the McNamara brothers, charged with dynamiting the plant of the Los Angeles Times. In the "open shop," the employer reserves the right to employ either union or non-union men, according to their ability to perform his work; and this is the issue, declares Mr. Darrow, around which "capital and labor have gradually closed in"; "the open shop means only the open door through which the union man goes out, and the non-union man comes in to take his place"; and the phrase "inalienable right" to work "is a bit of birdlime used to catch the unthinking masses." The writer continues:

"The inalienable right to work can be no greater than the



HOW HE LOOKED AT THE END OF A 1,265-MILE AEROPLANE JOURNEY.



CROWDS RUSHING TOWARD HIS MACHINE AS IT ALIGHTS AT GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

THE FINISH OF HARRY N. ATWOOD'S ST. LOUIS-NEW YORK FLIGHT.

inalienable right not to work, tho it has been much more seriously urged. This is because those who most strongly defend his right to labor are more interested in his work than in his play.

"No doubt, the courts, if called upon, would declare that a man has an inalienable right to pursue happiness in ways not prohibited by law, provided that he amuse himself alone, or found his pleasure in places of public amusement. But it is certain that no one would contend that the inalienable right to pursue happiness gave any one the right to associate with another against his will; to enter his parlor or home or company without invitation and when his presence was not desired. The workman has the same right to choose the companions with whom he associates in labor as to choose the friends with whom he will spend his pastime; and the employer has no more right to force the society of another upon him during his hours of toil than during his hours of recreation.

"In this world men are crucified not because they are good or because they are bad, but because they differ from their fellows. Trade-unionists have for centuries believed they were upholding the rights of men, protecting the welfare of their class, and promoting the interests of their homes; that without the union shop their liberty and their independence would be gone. They have come to regard non-union men not only as the enemies of their homes, the destroyers of their families, but as traitors to their class; as men who seek to undermine and destroy the organization which protects them, and therefore in the nature of things there is a constant feud between them. This is not a fact in trade-unionism alone, but a deep, abiding fact in human life. In its last analysis it is the law of self-defense; and the employers have exactly the same feeling toward one of their members who gives his influence to the other side. Both feel that the offending man is disloyal to his class, and tho in both instances the offenders may be acting from the highest motives, they must pay the penalty of disloyalty. They must be regarded as traitors. And just so long as industry is carried on by two classes in hostile camps this feeling must continue with both.

"The open shop furnishes, and always has furnished, the best possible means of destroying the organization of the men. The closed shops are the only sure protection for the trade agreements and for the defense of the individual. When the master is left to hire or discharge either union or non-union men as he sees fit, he naturally discharges the man that he thinks most hostile to his business and employs the one that will be subservient to his will. . . . He does this for his own protection, and he naturally employs those who are most complaisant, those who have given the most hostages to fortune and who can not afford to lose their jobs; those whom he can bring to be dependent upon his will. . . . Under the open shop it is easy to find reasons for discharging the union man, to fix the blame for mistakes upon him, and it is likewise easy to find reasons for replacing him with a non-union man."

Mr. Darrow asserts that if "trade-unionists to-day should falter and grow faint-hearted, should give up their demands for recognition, the collective bargain or the closed shop; if the field should be abandoned to the working out of cruel industrial laws, to the employers or their agents, then the great sea of weak and helpless men, women, and children would sweep away the industrial bulwarks that organized labor has thrown up against utter poverty and misery, has won through its devotion and its faith," and he concludes:

"War and strife are not ideal states, but they have been ever present with the human race, and so long as the struggle of classes shall continue, the weak and helpless must look to trade-unionism as its most powerful defender. But when the work is done, and the class struggles are at an end, then trade-unionism will have accomplished its purpose and the organizations will dissolve; then the closed shop will become the open shop to the brotherhood of man."

THE FIRST AEROPLANE TOURIST

HARRY N. ATWOOD'S aeroplane journey from St. Louis to New York is acclaimed by the press as something more than the mere making of a new world's record, something more than the top notch of aerial journeying up to date. "Nothing quite so wonderful has happened in this age of mechanical wonders," declares the New York *Evening Mail*, "as the free, rambling, deliberate flight of Harry Atwood from the Mississippi to the Hudson and down this river." "It is the forerunner of trancontinental flights," confidently affirms the *Albany Journal*, and the New York *American* rejoices that by the "sanity and good sense of his methods and the practical utility of his demonstrations," Atwood has "brought nearer the day when air machines will be regarded as ordinary vehicles of transportation." His flight, exclaims another editor, "seems more like a normal journey across country by the usual modes of transportation than any flight hitherto undertaken." "The aeroplane," says another, "has been promoted to the honorable company of the locomotive and the steamboat." And all agree that a new impulse has been given to the development of the science of flying.

By Atwood's superb flight, remarks the New York *World*, America regains the laurels of long-distance aviation which Europe had wrested from us. Fifteen months ago, when



From the Chicago "Daily News."

JOHNSTONE'S MONOPLANE AMONG THE CLOUDS.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

OVER LAKE MICHIGAN WITH THE CHICAGO SKYSCRAPERS FOR A BACKGROUND.



W. R. BADGER.

An amateur aviator who was killed by the collapse of his Baldwin biplane while attempting a "dip."



ST. CROIX JOHNSTONE.

During a "corkscrew" glide above the lake his machine broke and plunged him to his death.



W. G. BEATTY.

Who made the world's record—3 hours and 38 minutes—for time in the air with a passenger.



LINCOLN BEACHEY.

Holder of the world's altitude record of 11,578 feet—428 feet higher than his closest rival.

FLIGHTS AND FLYERS AT THE CHICAGO AVIATION MEET.

Glenn H. Curtiss, flying down the Hudson from Albany to New York, accomplished the first great cross-country aeroplane journey ever made, this country led the way in the practical development of the heavier-than-air flying-machine. But since then, declares *The World*, aviation here "has degenerated into a country-fair spectacle, an aerodrome sport the interest in which has depended on the measure of risk required of contestants in executing circus-like 'stunts.'" Hence, Atwood, by his long flight on schedule time from the Mississippi to the seaboard, has not only recaptured our lost laurels, but has "redeemed aviation in this country and given it a new glory." The same paper publishes the following list of the great cross-country flights made during the past fifteen months. It tells its own story:

May 29, 1910.—Glenn H. Curtiss, Albany—New York, 142 miles.

June 13.—Charles K. Hamilton, New York—Philadelphia, return, 149 miles.

Aug. 7-17.—Alfred Le Blanc, Paris—Amiens—Paris, 486 miles.

Sept. 29.—Walter Brookins, Chicago—Springfield, 192 miles.

Oct. 8.—Arch Hoxsey, Springfield—St. Louis, 109 miles.

Dec. 18.—Tom Sopwith, Dover, England—Beaumont, Belgium, 174 miles.

Jan. 30, 1911.—J. A. D. McCurdy, Key West—Havana (over water), 90 miles.

March 5.—Lieut. Bregue, Nice—Corsica (over water), 138 miles.

April 12.—Pierre Prier, London—Paris (no stop), 223 miles.

May 21-26.—Pierre Vedrines, Paris—Madrid (four stops), 842 miles.

May 28-31.—André Beaumont, Paris—Rome, 910 miles.

June 11-July 9.—Herr König, German Circuit Race, 1,164 miles.

June 18-July 7.—André Beaumont, European Circuit, 1,073 miles.

June 30-July 13.—Harry N. Atwood, Boston—Washington, 461 miles.

July 22-26.—André Beaumont, Circuit of England Race, 1,010 miles.

Aug. 14-25.—Harry N. Atwood, St. Louis—New York, 1,265 miles.

When Atwood alighted from his biplane at New York on the afternoon of August 25, he had traveled 1,265 miles in an unbroken series of cross-country flights, thus adding 101 miles to

the world's record. Altho the time elapsed was twelve days, the time spent in the actual flights only amounted to 28 hours and 12 minutes, giving an average speed of nearly 45 miles an hour. The journey seems to have been scarcely more of a strain to the twenty-three-year-old aviator than an ordinary railroad journey is to the average traveler. He carried with him on his aeroplane a bag containing a complete change of clothing "from hose to overcoat," and wherever he landed dispatches told of his unruffled appearance, describing him, as he stepped from his machine, as looking fresher and less worn than those who followed him by train or automobile. An expression which he used more than once as he approached his destination was "It's only a bird's hop to New York now." Between Syracuse and Fort Plain, finding the air "as dead calm as a pool," he reports that "most of the time I kept my hands in my pockets or read a time-table." Of another portion of his journey—between Castleton and Poughkeepsie—he says: "I was going along so quietly and smoothly that I felt like going to sleep."

Of the new aviation as demonstrated by Atwood—who only a few weeks ago was an amateur attracting attention by his first inter-city flights—the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* says:

"When he comes to terra firma the voyager throws out his suit cases and nimbly scrambles out after them as naturally as tho he were alighting from a train or a taxicab. He complains that the 'little hopping flights' are getting on his nerves; the schedule assigned him actually holds him back. He would like to be allowed to fly three or four times as far in a day as he now goes. And in the air there is nothing to do but to sail along above farms and villages and the popular clamor far beneath. It is almost monotonous. All that the apparatus needs is to be fed every now and then with oil and gasoline, as a horse might require hay and oats. It all seems so simple and easy. The element of peril is ever present, of course, but it is not in evidence. It seems as tho anybody might do what Atwood is doing, and assuredly it will not be long ere his present journey of unprecedented length from St. Louis to Boston has been exceeded by scores of aviators."

One result of his flight, says Atwood, will be to encourage long-distance flying in place of aviation meets. A long cross-country flight, he says, is nothing more than a succession of

one-day flights, and these, he maintains, possess the least danger of any form of aviation. As quoted in the New York *Globe*, he says:

"Aviation meets, as they are managed now, will soon be a thing of the past. They invite too many spectacular attempts with fatal results. Man flight, if it is to be developed along the line of practical results, must be confined to simple flying. It is more credit to civilization that a man can fly across the continent than that he can turn a fliptop in the air."

Says the New York *American*:

"This young man has eschewed all tricks and risky spectacles, has turned no somersaults, and cut no pigeon-wings. He has buckled down to the business of getting across the country."

"It is possible that Atwood has enjoyed weather conditions somewhat better than the average; yet it would be a mistake to attribute his success to meteorological luck or to anything but his exceptional skill and foresight. His pluck has been tempered to a cutting edge by prudence."

"Here was no Dædalus or Icarus with wax wings defying the sun, but a sober and modest engineer conquering gravitation and distance by obedience to natural law. Some small measure of the fame that has fallen to Fulton and Stevenson, to Arkwright and Hargreaves, and other patient and humble experimenters who have confronted great natural difficulties and widened the frontiers of human power, may be the portion of this hardy explorer and pathfinder, this maker of long trails in the air. For the pioneers who demonstrated the truth of new mechanical principles on a convincing scale are as great as the inventors and discoverers of them."

"It is left only for Harry Atwood to pierce the aerial wilderness of the West in a continuous trip across the continent. The most glorious laurels of aviation will belong to the Lewis and Clark of the clouds."

Almost at the same time that Atwood was winning new honors for American aviation by his great cross-country flight two other American aviators were making new records at the Chicago meet. Thus on August 19 W. G. Beatty remained in the air 3 hours and 38 minutes carrying a passenger, the previous world's record being 3 hours and 20 minutes. And the following day Lincoln Beachey made a world's altitude record of 11,578 feet, the former record being 11,150 feet.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

MAYBE if President Taft owned a mule, he would call it Veto.—*Toledo Blade*.

HAVING been President, and now a grandfather, there are no more honors for Theodore Roosevelt.—*Toledo Blade*.

THREE more men lost eyes last week, but what are eyes compared with hat-pins.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

IF Hoke Smith doesn't hurry up and go to Washington, Maine will have two Democratic Senators to Georgia's one.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal*.

DR. WILEY is a living testimonial of how a man can keep his political health without benzoate of soda.—*New York Evening Post*.

OUR idea of a poor investment is the purchase of a home in Washington by a standpat Congressman.—*Ohio State Journal*.

CALIFORNIA has a large crop of malt-ing barley, and Oregon's hop yield is the best in years. No trouble brewing.—*Wall Street Journal*.

WE are glad that we are too late, but we meant to advise England, as a last resort in the strike, to call out the militant suffragettes.—*Washington Herald*.

MR. TAFT vetoed the tariff revision bills, he says, because of lack of information. Well, he'll acquire a lot of it in 1912.—*Philadelphia North American*.

BETCHER there's one little girl due to hear the biggest lion stories from Grandpa Teddy that ever scared the sandman from a body's eyes.—*Pittsburg Sun*.

ROOSEVELT's admirers will think him a great grandfather.—*Boston Herald*.

PERHAPS MONA LISA has just gone to a moving-picture show.—*Wall Street Journal*.

BENZOATE of soda appears to be dangerous to the health of public officials at least.—*New York Tribune*.

JUDGING from some of its effects, benzoate of soda seems to have qualities resembling those of dynamite.—*Albany Journal*.

BY making grandfathers of them, there ought to be a partial solution of the problem of what to do with our ex-Presidents.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

NOW that Congress has decided to make the House of Representatives bigger, let the voters see what they can do toward improving the quality.—*Chicago News*.

PRESIDENT TAFT knows what is going to happen to him now. The Hon. Ollie James of Kentucky is about to take the veto power away from him.—*Chicago Tribune*.

AN official order prohibits the use of profanity by Panama canal employees. It is understood that this does not imply abandonment of the Gatun dam.—*Philadelphia North American*.

SOMEBODY has remarked that McCabe has the courage of his convictions. But he has taken good care not to have many convictions under the pure food law.—*Philadelphia North American*.



"VILLAIN, UNHAND THAT LADY."

—May in the Cleveland Leader.



THE GREAT STRIKE'S LESSON FOR ENGLAND

ENGLAND'S recent war between capital and labor has revealed to the public and Government of that country several important facts, hitherto, according to London papers, too often ignored. The centers of English population have been brought to the brink of starvation by the cessation of transport facilities, for ships bringing food from foreign countries have been unable to unload for want of the "dockers'" services. This "dreadful example" vividly shows what might happen in time of war when merchant ships would not even reach their docks, and Conservative organs seize the occasion to impress upon their readers the great need of a powerful navy to convoy and defend such food-laden vessels. Protectionists remind their readers that in the days of the Napoleonic wars, England raised for herself the staple foodstuffs for which she now depends on foreign importations.

But the proximate cause of the strike is the lowness of the wages paid to British workingmen, particularly the railway operatives. As the railroad tariffs are regulated by Parliament, it is Parliament, we are told, which long before this should have charged the general public, through the railway, such a price for transportation of travelers and goods as would enable railroad companies to remunerate their employees properly. Speaking of the helplessness of England with regard to food supplies in the case of war, *The Daily Mail* (London), a Protectionist organ, remarks:

"The strike of transport workers is giving them some faint and dim foretaste of what they are going to suffer in a great naval war, if the British fleets do not instantly assert their superiority, if the British cruisers do not swiftly drive the enemy from the seas.

"Never in the past has there been any parallel to the condition of the England of to-day. Never before has a great nation of 44 million souls been content to trust to over-sea supplies so largely for its food. In the brief space of forty years, which is as nothing in the life of a nation, our imports of food from abroad have more than trebled. To-day we import annually 250 millions' worth of food and drink. . . .

"In the past, even so late as the days of the Napoleonic wars, England still fed herself. The food she needed was raised at home. The incessant preoccupation of protecting the nation's food supply did not harass the British admirals. Hereafter, when our Dreadnoughts steam forth for battle, two millstones will be hanged round the neck of the Admiral-in-Chief, the fear for the nation's food and the fear for the nation's ill-protected shores.

"Any intermission of the coming of the corn ships, any vigorous and concerted attack upon them, and the nation must starve or pay prices for food which will be vastly beyond its power."

The thought of the small wages on which the proletariat must live in semi-want, misery, and discontent reminds the journalists that there is some justice in labor's uncompromising protest,

and we read in *The Nation* (London) that in England "profits and salaries have rapidly increased and the expenditure of the luxurious classes is on a greater scale than ever." This contrast with their own beggarly wages "is affecting the minds of the workingmen." To quote further its words in favor of the trade unions:

"Trade has been good, and labor, coming perhaps late in the day when the tide is turning, is demanding its share. Those who feel something of the mass of misery involved in the wage statistics of a country like ours may agree or disagree with a great deal that the men say or do, but will not waver in their conviction that the success of the unions in vindicating for labor a less niggardly return would tend to the alleviation of wide-spread misery and privation, and in the end to the more healthy and stable condition of industrial society as a whole."

The calm words of *The Labor Leader* (London) run as follows:

"In England the masses are steadily becoming better educated. Public libraries throw open all the knowledge of the ages to those desiring to learn. This will, in itself, produce discontent. An educated proletariat will refuse to live at a low subsistence level, and if a higher level can not be obtained by legislation then periodically there will be times of unrest, strikes, demonstrations, and general labor troubles. Statesmen possessing the necessary amount of forethought could obviate it by legislation."

The cry for legislation in the matter turns the attention of *The Morning Post* (London) to the delinquencies of the Government. *The Post* thinks that "the recent events have robbed the Government of all prestige in the eyes of some millions of British citizens," and *The Standard* (London) speaks more plainly:

"London has had an object lesson, which it will not soon forget, in regard to the inevitable tendency of those Socialistic and revolutionary doctrines that now infect the policy of men in power. General indignation at the scenes which

London has witnessed during the past week may be slow to express itself, but Mr. Winston Churchill and his colleagues may rest assured that it is not disarmed by the show of vigorous intention which at the eleventh hour they thought proper to display. Public opinion will not condone the dereliction of duty which made it easy for the dock strikers to hold up the commerce of a great port, to stop the people's supply of food, and to intimidate both their employers and the country by methods which an enemy would only resort to at its peril."

"Labor and its inciters in Parliament are having their own way," declares *The Pall Mall Gazette*, and, sneering "at the Olympian indifference of the Government," adds that in settling the wage question, "Parliament will be compelled to take the matter in hand." "The true criminals" in the strike problem, declares *The Daily Mail* (London), quoted above, "sit on the Treasury bench." Even the powerful and independent *Times* (London) condemns the Government's failure to provide remedy and redress and, speaking of the hackmen, complains of the strikers' "audacious conspiracy against the public" in which



BEN TILLETT, LABOR AGITATOR.

He is Secretary of the Dock, Riverside, and General Workers' Union of Great Britain and is here addressing the strikers on Tower Hill and telling them that he and his union intend to bring Capital's nose to the grindstone.



FETCHING THE MEAT IN MOTOR CARS.



POLICE GUARDING THE MEAT VANS.

HOW HOTEL MANAGERS OVERCOME STRIKE DIFFICULTIES.

"the most outrageous attacks upon the elementary rights which Government exists to protect have been weakly condoned" "by the feebleness of our rulers and the miserable spirit of party." Warning its readers against Mr. Asquith's Socialistic leanings which permit him to yield to Tom Mann, who promises the striking workmen that he will abolish poverty, and to adopt a policy which makes the way "clear for a wholesale system of legalized robbery and confiscation," *The Outlook* (London) thinks that there is a word to be said for the employers who have suffered so much "through the nervous impotence of a weakling Minister" and proceeds as follows:

"The railways at the present time, like the iron and coal mines, barely pay their way, yet they give employment to a vast army of work-people—certainly many more than would be the case if these forms of industry were nationalized. But the capital, skill, and energy of every enterprise is to be sacrificed to the cupidity of a handful of Labor agitators; fortunes which have been sunk in opening up new fields of labor are to be counted as naught. Labor must have its share of the spoils and Liberalism must keep up the pillage. Property owners and the investing classes will have reason to remember Mr. Asquith's régime."

BRITAIN'S CONSTITUTIONAL
REVOLUTION

GREAT EXCITEMENT has been created in England by the passing of the so-called Parliament Bill which strengthens the power of the House of Commons and curtails the veto power of the House of Lords. It is "revolutionary," cry the Unionists; it is merely "a normal evolution of British democracy," answer the Liberals. Yet, what is the significance of the measure? This bill provides that all money bills proposed and carried by the Commons shall not be subject to the veto of the Peers. The second clause decrees that if a bill has passed the House of Commons three times and has been three times rejected by the House of Lords within the space of two years, it shall become law in spite of the veto of the Peers.

When the Bill was read for the last time and the crucial division took place, it was found that the Government had won by a majority of seventeen. The section of the Conservatives who, under Lord Halsbury, styled themselves "No Surrenderers," including Lord Lansdowne, refrained from voting. This step they took in order to avoid the introduction into their body of "puppet peers" and to meet the threat of Lord Morley, who said on the night of the division:

"If the Bill is defeated to-night, his Majesty will assent to a creation of peers sufficient in numbers to guard against any

possible combination of the different parties in opposition, by which the Parliament Bill might be exposed a second time to defeat.

"Every vote given to-night against my motion not to insist on what is called the Lansdowne amendment is a vote in favor of a large and prompt creation of peers."

The passing of the Bill has naturally been greeted with acclamation by such Liberal London organs as *The Westminster Gazette*, *The Chronicle*, *The Daily News*, and such organs of the proletariat and working classes as *Reynolds's Weekly*, but *The Spectator*, which was formerly a Liberal paper, but differs from the Government on the question of Home Rule, seems content to regard the submission of the Lords as a supreme stroke of policy, which will eventually redound to their rehabilitation. "It is in no mood of paradox or rhetorical exaggeration," says this journal, "that we describe the refusal of the Lords to insist on their amendment as a Unionist victory." To quote further:

"We must repeat that the House of Lords, by refusing to force a creation of peers, have secured a great Unionist victory. Further, they did a signal service to themselves and immensely strengthened the hands of those who, like us, are not ashamed to say that they believe that the hereditary principle is a most useful principle and that the peerage is a national asset of the highest value. The vote of yesterday will, we believe, re-establish the reputation of the Lords in the country for political sagacity—a reputation which suffered when the Lords in a fit of temporary insanity accepted Mr. Chamberlain's ill-starred suggestion that they should throw out the Budget. The Lords, if they will think a little more of themselves and a little less of external influences, will soon recover their position. Let us never forget that henceforth they will be the branch of the Legislature which does not dip its hands into the public purse."

The Liberal weekly, *The Nation* (London), says calmly that, "with the passage of the Parliament Bill the evolution of British democracy resumes its normal course." This paper with a certain generosity, such as victors alone can show, expresses joy that the situation had not to be met by the actual creation of a batch of new peers by Royal prerogative, and thus proceeds:

"It is a weapon which remains in the armory of the Constitution, whence it is to be hoped it will never be taken out to be furnished up again. From the Liberal point of view, there was only one use to which it could be put. Four hundred peers might be created to crush the supremacy of all peers, not for any other use, and the plain intimation that this use might be made of the Royal Prerogative has for years been the *ultima ratio* to which the democracy could appeal. For our part we are glad that the threat has sufficed, not only because we dislike the multiplication of peerages, but because we deem it better in the interests of a permanent settlement that the constitutional change should have been ratified by the existing peers."



EVEN IF HE IS RESTORED HE WILL HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL.
—Ulk (Berlin).



CLERICAL PARTY (to ex-King Manuel)—“As you are so famous a sportsman, my dear boy, you’d better try your hand as a lion-tamer.”
—Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart).

THE PORTUGUESE MONARCHIST MOVEMENT.

The *Liberal Daily News* (London) elaborates the thesis of *The Nation* in the following terms:

“It is a great change, and surely not a premature one; surely one about which any dispassionate student of our institutions can only wonder how we have done without it so long. The Unionists have been calling it ‘revolution,’ just as they called the Budget of 1909 a ‘revolution,’ just as next year they will call Home Rule a ‘revolution,’ just as they call all important Liberal measures ‘revolutions.’ But it is not a revolution, if by that you mean an interruption in the orderly and natural course of our national development. From the now distant day when Bright first sketched it down to to-day it has been slowly evolved, slowly shaped, slowly carried to conviction and expression, till now it stands mature, a definite gain in our generation for the use and progress of all future ones.”

The London Conservative papers, such as *The Morning Post*, the organ of the “No Surrender” party, *The Standard*, and *St. James’s Gazette* merely repeat in a variety of tones the dictum of *The Pall Mall Gazette* (London), that “The Parliament Bill is an instrument of Revolution, and an omen of disaster to the whole Constitution, even to the Crown itself.” This paper understands “the influences” that guided “the bulk of the Unionist peers to stand aside,” while it “deplores them as misleading and the subjects of them mistaken.”

The Conservative *Saturday Review* (London) was never more slashing in its invective when it exclaims that there are no more two parties in English politics. Parliament has been “radicalized” by these “constitution-wreckers.” “Our business is to destroy—not merely to turn out—the Anarchists at present in possession of the seals of office and the King’s person.” To quote further:

“It must not be assumed that the constitutional crime perpetrated on Thursday is in any way condoned, if its accomplishment is not at once followed by rebellion. The crime is still treason, and its authors are still traitors. When once the Parliament Bill is law, the Constitution will have perished, and neither the tyrannical Commons nor the degraded Lords nor the humiliated Crown will have any vestige of authority left. Our position will be as much beyond all ordinary means of political

redress as would be that of Ulster Unionists doomed to an eternal minority in a Nationalist Parliament. We must, therefore, find such immediate escape as we can from the anarchy which has come upon us, and later on must devote all our energies to the reconstruction of a State in which a free man can live freely.”

The Lords’ division, says the London *Times* (Independent), putting the best face on the matter, saves the country at least from “the gross and flaming scandal” by which the Prerogative of the Crown would have “been prostituted to coerce the Second Chamber.” The Conservative Peers who voted the bill and those who refrained from voting “played the most courageous, conscientious, and patriotic part in the whole odious business.” By their acquiescence—

“The Unionists lose much, but much less than they might have done; and among the things they do not lose are the firm hope and prospect of being, in no long time, in a position to retrieve the woful mischief done and substitute a rational Constitution for the caricature set up by His Majesty’s present advisers.”

THE PORTUGUESE PALINODE OF JAURÈS

IT IS VERY difficult to arrive at a true idea of how things are going on in Portugal. The press is muzzled, even telegraph dispatches are censored, and the Portuguese embassies in the various European capitals are practically gagged and have no views concerning the progress of the Republic. The only way for any one to learn the true state of things is by personal observation and inquiry and this necessitates a tour through Portugal. That brilliant and sincere Socialist, Pacifist, Internationalist, and Antimilitarist, Mr. Jean Jaurès, editor of the powerful and sparkling *Humanité*, feeling the necessity of such a tour, has paid a visit to the new European republic with a result which does credit to his candor and disinterested honesty.

Some months ago Mr. Jaurès expressed himself as profoundly disgusted with the failure so far of the Portuguese Republic, as

we related in our issue of March 18. He thought then that Braga was a mere bluffer; that the Republicans had not plunged their swords in deep enough; that there were many reasons for believing in "strong reactionary movements," and an imminent "counter-revolution" in the north of the country. He has now changed his mind and in a recent number of the *Humanité* (Paris) declares that "two or three days spent in Portugal would convince any one that the reactionary and pseudo-Liberal press of the country are deceiving the public." Portugal is not, as they would represent it to be, "in a condition of growing disorder and permanent anarchy"; "the republican régime" such papers represent to be "feeble and discredited, and likely to succumb before the faintest show of its adversaries' return." This is not true, nor is it true that "the monarchy is preparing to reenter Madrid." On the contrary, he announces his belief, after his visit to Portugal, that "the country is calm, engaged in its ordinary labors, and enjoying prosperity." He continues as follows:

"The citizens know that this country, the object of their passionate devotion, possesses remarkable natural resources. They know that under a wise administration conducted with integrity and economy it will easily free itself from the embarrassment bequeathed to it by the monarchy, and they trust the men raised to power after the Revolution as guides in this reformation.

"The Republican sentiment throughout the country has kept up all the intensity of its early enthusiasm, and becomes every day stronger and more confident. Moreover, when the Government showed to the monarchist conspirators assembled on the frontiers of Galicia that they knew how to defend themselves by ordering the mobilization of the reserves, the reservists to a man responded to the appeal with joyful alacrity. I believe that the least attempt at a counter-revolution would find itself confronted by a magnificent uprising of the national forces."

The Portuguese emigrés, he tells us, like the French emigrés of '92, "are full of illusions." "They have money," these "gilded parasites of the old régime"; "they purchase arms and powder." They talk of "a duel between Oporto and Lisbon," but theirs "is an unsubstantial dream." He proceeds as follows:

"All the Portuguese whom I have questioned about monarchist intrigues have spoken of them contemptuously. They have even exhibited anger on the mention of them. Such intrigues do not terrify, but merely make them nervous. It is irritating to be compelled to spy upon suspected meetings, upon clandestine convoys of arms, and to stand, as it were, on the brink of war. This compels the Republicans to incur expenses which are all the more burdensome in that the monarchy bequeathed to them the worst budget in Europe. They can scarcely control their wrath when they consider that an incapable and spendthrift dynasty, which fell under the weight of the people's hatred and contempt, should so persist in disturbing the reconstruction of the country it had long so scandalously exploited. They are aware that in order to repair the accumulated blunders of the past, to reduce to order the administration and the finances of the country, they will need a long period of toil and of effort, and they are indignant that those who have done so much injury to the nation should still seek to deprive the people of that liberty of mind which is so necessary to them. What are these emigrés but poisonous flies which come back to buzz once more about the fruit they have lost?"

What proportions the ill-feeling toward the Republic which emigrés may excite among Europeans may take, he does not state explicitly, but he declares:

"The emigrés who are playing at a counter-revolution are playing a game at once damnable and dangerous. They will fail miserably in their undertaking, but it is possible that they will deprive the Portuguese Revolution of that fine and magnanimous serenity which it has so far enjoyed. And more than this. As the gatherings of Portuguese conspirators on the Spanish soil have excited the mistrust of Portugal almost solely toward the Spanish monarchy, so the crisis may possibly reach such proportions as heedless Europe, which has so often shown herself meddlesome and mean toward the Portuguese Republic, may not anticipate. I must insist on this aspect of the problem."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

JAPANESE VIEWS OF THE REVISED ANGLO-JAPANESE TREATY

THE JAPANESE press frankly admit that the new clause in the treaty between England and their Government, which provides that England is not called upon to join Japan against one of England's allies, and *vice versa*, purposes "freeing England of the obligation to side with us [Japan] in the event of war with America." One section of their publicists think that the drift of this clause has all along been taken for granted; others say that the treaty is intended to last only until "British interests [in Asia] are no longer threatened by Germany," when Britain will have fleet enough to protect her own colonies and territories in the Eastern hemisphere, for India is at present, we are reminded, guarded by Japan.

As for the views of their leading statesmen, Count Okuma does not believe in political combinations between the white and yellow races. On this point he differs from the ex-ambassador Fuland Count Hayashi. As a general rule, we may say that, judging from the sentiment of the press, the Japanese no longer entertain toward the alliance such enthusiasm and devotion as they showed in January, 1902, when it was first concluded, and in August, 1905, when it was renewed. Notwithstanding this tendency, the official circles in Tokyo put on a jubilant air, judging from the reports of newspapers over the prolongation of the alliance. And so influential and independent a journal as the *Jiji* counsels the nation to put unrestricted confidence in the new treaty of alliance, asserting that the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty will in no wise affect the import of the alliance as it was first conceived. To quote this journal:

"The insertion in the new treaty of alliance of a clause, expressly freeing England of the obligation to side with us in the event of a war with America, is merely a formal recognition of what has been tacitly understood. It is only the form of the treaty that has been altered by this revision: its spirit has not suffered an iota of change."

The same journal interviewed several statesmen on the question. Count Okuma, while welcoming the Anglo-American treaty of arbitration as a great stride toward universal peace, nevertheless believes that time has not yet arrived when Japan should enter into a similar pact with Western nations. In his opinion, the Caucasian nations still cherish prejudice and antipathy toward the yellow race, and a tribunal of arbitration composed mostly of Caucasians can not be expected to be judicially fair to an Oriental nation. Contrary to this view, Count Hayashi, formerly Japanese ambassador to England and later foreign minister, expresses himself in favor of Japan entering into an arbitration treaty with both America and Great Britain.

The views of the minority are set forth by the *Yorodzu*, which regards the renewed pact as a diplomatic blunder of the Katsura Cabinet. To quote:

"The revised treaty of alliance makes Japan a ludicrous figure. She is required to stand guard to India and British interests in China, without receiving any return from England. There is no doubt that the renewal and revision of the alliance was made at the initiative of Downing Street. Our diplomats have the peculiar virtue of being passive and of following the lead of other nations endowed with greater diplomatic finesse. The alliance is to remain binding for ten years from now. Just wait ten years. Before that period expires England will have found or created a chance to clasp hands with Germany, while her colonies bordering the Pacific will have augmented their armaments to such an extent that they will no longer be haunted by the specter of a Japanese invasion. Until such a stage is reached Great Britain needs Japanese cooperation. But when once that stage is reached British interests in China will no longer be threatened by Germany, while the British fleet, freed of anxiety over the activities of the Kaiser's navy, will be able to leave home waters and protect the colonies. Then it is time that John Bull would throw the alliance overboard."—*Translations made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*



WATER SAVING BY FORCE OF ARMS

THAT NEW YORKERS are culpably wasteful of their water-supply to a degree that should warrant the interference of the Federal Government, "by military force if necessary," is the startling statement made by an English critic, *The Surveyor and Municipal and County Engineer* (London). This pronouncement is made in the course of certain comments on the dangerous shortage of water in the city in question, during the present season, in an article entitled "New York's Water: Wilful Waste and Woful Want." New York consumes water at the rate of more than 100 gallons a day per inhabitant, which is far greater than is customary in cities abroad. We usually think of a high water-consumption as praiseworthy, but our London critic thinks that instead of trying to increase its supply, as it is now doing, the metropolis of the Western hemisphere should be compelled to cut down its use at least one-fifth. We read:

"The water-supply of so great a city as New York is necessarily a matter of interest to British engineers, who, from their experience of many countries and climes, and their familiarity with every kind of manufacturing and mixed population, are well aware of the fact that even so little as 100 gals. per head is an excessive daily supply for any city. To reduce New York's consumption to 80 gals. per head forthwith, and by military force if necessary, is, in our opinion, the plain duty of the Government of the State, aided, if necessary, by the United States Government. The farce is played out, and if New York persists in neglecting the obvious and proper means of making her ample supply a sufficient one, she will in this respect take rank below the worst of the barbaric nations in the matter of public control of public affairs. Even a temporary substitute for an Ethiopian Sultan would not, in such a matter, be a cipher in his own house."

To which *The Engineering News* (New York, Aug. 17) replies:

"As we have previously pointed out, the water-waste problem in New York City is something which, while quite within the capacity of engineers, is unfortunately not in their hands for solution. Instead, it is in the hands of laymen city officials. These, in turn, have been put in office by immense numbers of uninformed voters who, like the officials, have only a little knowledge of water-works administration—and that little is badly perverted.

"It seems amusing, if not surprising, that our contemporary should think that the United States Government has authority to regulate the water consumption of any city outside of Washington. It would be scarcely less possible for King George or for the editor of *The Surveyor* himself to reduce water waste in New York City than for the U. S. Government to do it. At the same time, in view of the shameful way in which water-waste has been neglected in New York City and the admirable manner in which it has been curtailed in nearly all British cities, and in view also of the water shortage which has hung over New York City as a possibility for years past, we do not wonder that a foreign writer, unfamiliar with the minutiae of the relations between our Federal and State governments, should have been led into what, in view of the actual facts, is an extravagant assertion."

RHEUMATISM AND HOT WEATHER—That dry, hot weather may possibly cause an epidemic of rheumatism and kindred troubles is asserted by a writer in *The Hospital* (London, July 29) who says that an outbreak of this kind, said to be the worst for many years, is thought to have been brought on in England by the recent hot period there. We read:

"The medical informant appears to have included 'intercostal neuralgia' and 'stiff neck.' So-called intercostal neuralgia is a very indefinite disease, most commonly apparently a referred pain which may have various origins. . . . Stiff neck and lumbago probably, too, have no connection whatever with rheumatism. Yet altho such pains can scarcely be called rheumatism, it would be interesting to learn whether there is any foundation

for the statement that the heat has increased true rheumatism. The fact is well recognized that rheumatic fever is most common in the autumn, which means presumably that some influences are at work in the hotter period of the year which lead to its appearance later. Apparently, also, rheumatism is more common after hot, dry summers than after those comparatively cold and wet. But tho this is the case, statistics seem to show that a marked rise in the number of cases is not present until September or October. If the rise in the number of cases is already very evident, the heat must have produced its deleterious effect early. Altho it appears to be true that rheumatism is most frequent after dry summers, the popular belief that the disease starts in wet weather no doubt possesses a measure of truth. Cold and wet probably predispose to attacks of the disease. Most medical men must be familiar with cases of rheumatic fever which have commenced shortly after the patient has been in a heavy shower of rain. If, however, rheumatism is already common, there can have been no such predisposing cause for attacks of the disease."

TALKING PICTURES

PICTURES that both move and talk are not unknown. They depend, of course, on an exact adjustment between a phonograph and a moving-picture machine. Yet so exact must this adjustment be and so difficult is it to devise machinery to effect it perfectly, that the talking picture hitherto has not been very satisfactory, altho the trouble is not that the necessary devices have not been invented, but that they are rarely made and operated with mechanical exactness. According to *Modern Electrics* (Chicago) the new Gaumont apparatus recently shown before the French Academy of Sciences, is capable of operating with great accuracy. The members of the academy saw, on a screen before them, Mr. D'Arsonval, one of their number, delivering an address and could hear his words at the same time, so that the illusion was complete. We read further:

"After this, the apparatus was shown on several occasions in Paris, and attracted much attention. . . . Speech and singing are shown with all the natural movements, and this is done by means of a very well-devised apparatus. Altho inventors on this side of the water have been working for some years past in order to use electric motors so as to drive a phonograph and a moving-picture machine at the same rate, nothing of any practical shape appears to have been brought out. The new apparatus is made by one of the best-known Paris establishments, and has some interesting points. In such a method, it is desired to run one electric motor on the phonograph and a second on the picture machine, and to control the whole from the phonograph, where the operator is stationed. The inventors use two small electric motors of about the same size, running on direct current on the same mains. But the armatures of the motors are divided in a number of sections, and each section of the first motor is connected to a like section of the second motor, so that the first armature can only rotate for a certain fraction unless the other armature has also rotated so as to keep up the connection. In this way an exact synchronism is obtained and the phonograph record and the visible image are made to correspond. Means are provided so that both motors will start off by closing a switch.

"A special rheostat in the motor circuit acts on the speed of both at once, so as to regulate the speech and the pictures at the proper rate. One device which should be mentioned is the method of catching up should one or the other instrument lag behind from any accident. A reversing switch works a small motor special on the second machine which operates a differential gear set lying on the shaft of the main motor, so that throwing in the small motor causes the main motor speed to be quickened or slackened for a short time, until the second machine is brought in step. The operating-board is very compact and contains a contact button for starting off the two instruments at the same time, also a voltmeter which serves as a speed indicator, the rheostat for changing the speed of both motors at once, and the operating-switch for the small special motor."

HOT-WEATHER PHOTOGRAPHY

MANY AN AMATEUR has had his promising photographic efforts spoiled by the heat and moisture of our summer climate, and even those who have learned to use a lump of ice with skill have it not at their disposal at the times and in the places when they want it; and so are fain to lay aside the camera during dog days. It is possible, however, a writer in the *Revue Scientifique* assures us (Paris, July 15), so to choose one's developing fluid that there is no danger. We read in this paper:

"Above 77° F. it is very difficult to develop without accident plates and prints having a sensitive layer with a gelatin base. In a solution raised to this temperature, the colloid swells immeasurably, softens, becomes sticky, yields to the slightest touch, and begins to melt when the temperature rises still further. At about 86° F. most emulsions become covered with a network of cracks, giving the appearance of cloisonné work to the image, and no plate will resist a rise of temperature superior to 95°. These inconveniences are relatively easy to avoid when ice is at hand, but the use of refrigerants is not always possible and especially in tropical countries developers must often be used whose temperature reaches and exceeds 100°.

"It has been proposed to make the gelatin insoluble by various means, but the palliatives tried hitherto present some inconve-

"Of all the formulas indicated, that of the diamidophenol developer is the only one that enables us to obtain, at the temperature of 100°, images absolutely devoid of fog. Its only inconvenience is that it does not keep long in solution, which makes it necessary to prepare it as used, or at least not long beforehand. If we must have always at hand a developer ready for use, we shall then give preference to metoquinone or, in its absence, to metol hydroquinone or even to pyrogallie acid. These developers keep long without alteration, and the fog that they occasion has no other inconvenience than to make printing a little slower."—*Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.*

MAPS THAT TELL TRUTH

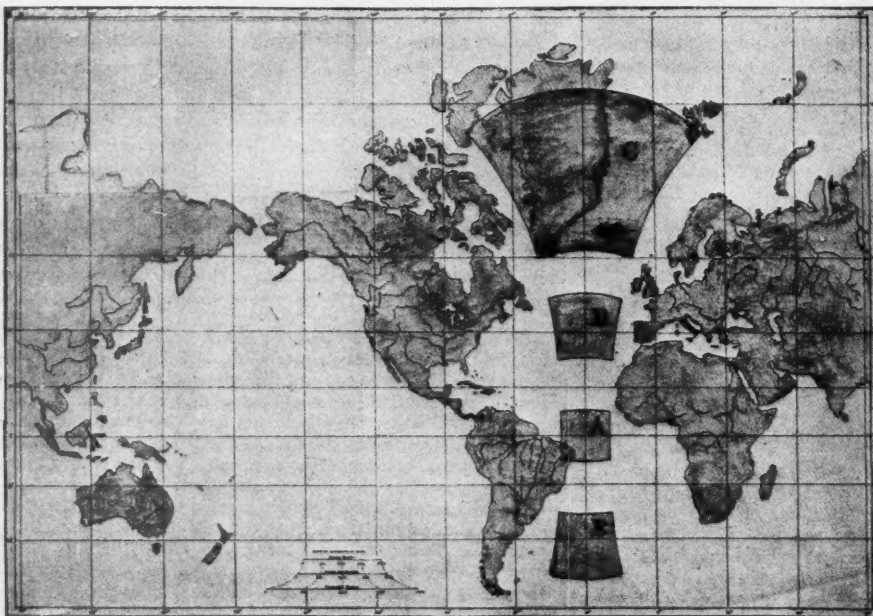
THE ONLY MAP that really represents the earth's surface faithfully is a globe or portion thereof, because it has the shape of the thing represented. Unfortunately it is more convenient for us to have most of our maps on flat sheets, which makes all of them out of true, and mathematicians have exercised their best ingenuity for centuries in trying to see how a flat map can be made most nearly like the curved surface it depicts. Which kind of "projection" is chosen for our map depends on how we want to use it. We described recently in these columns a clever map for sailors in which the distortion

was thrown almost entirely onto the land surfaces, while the seas were little changed. A sensible suggestion to map-publishers is now made by Ruliff S. Holway of the University of California, in *School Science and Mathematics* (Chicago, June). The writer advises that, since all flat maps deviate from truth, the maker indicate on each map just how much and how and where it so deviates; and he shows that this may be done simply and in such a way as to strike the eye at once. We read:

"The essential idea in the new data desired is that there should be index diagrams printed on every map showing the kind and amount of distortion incidental to the projection used. If a square of large size could be laid off on the round earth it would be an ideal index figure, as distortion would be so easily noticed. The nearest approach to a square on the surface of a sphere is a regular quadrangle bounded by arcs of great circles. Such a figure bounded, we will say, by arcs of twenty degrees on each side would be identical in size and shape no matter upon what part of the earth's surface it were constructed, but reproduced in different parts of a map, it would vary in shape and size with the projection."

Two examples are given. The author calls especial attention to the Mercator projection, which is very common but also very far from true in the higher latitudes, as the illustration plainly shows. Says the writer:

"Pupils with a Mercator map of the world before them with index diagrams added as shown above would be interested in the method of construction of the projection. The following explanation is sufficient for common-school purposes. The meridians which on the earth meet at the poles are drawn as parallel lines. As this makes them too far apart north or south of the equator the parallels of latitude are also drawn too far apart—the distance being constantly increased as the poles are approached so as to make at any point the distortion from N to S



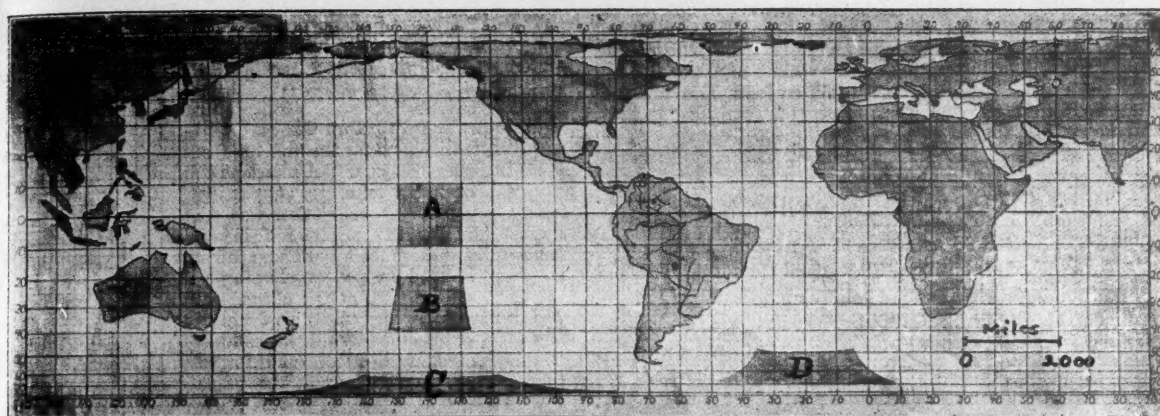
THE WORLD ACCORDING TO THE MERCATOR PROJECTION.

The special property of this projection is that a straight line on the map represents a constant compass direction on the globe. This projection distorts countries away from the equator to the extent shown by the index diagrams A, B, and C. B and C represent exactly the same amount of actual space in their relative latitudes as A represents at the equator. The sides of the diagrams show shortest distance or true direction on the globe.

niences. Thus formol makes it possible to plunge a gelatin plate in warm, or even boiling water, without risk of melting; but after drying the layer contracts unduly and tears loose from the glass. As for salts of chromium or aluminum, they do not loosen the gelatin from its support, but the sulfite of soda contained in all developers used at present provokes a precipitation . . . which absolutely nullifies the action of the insolubilisant.

"Bunel has recommended the addition, to metol hydroquinone developers, of alkaline sulfates which do not render the gelatin insoluble, but prevent its swelling in the warm liquid. . . . Messrs. Lumière and Seyewetz have been investigating the best formulas for developers making it possible to obtain, at temperatures of about 100°, a development of normal duration, leading to a clearly defined image, strong and without fog."

The writer gives recipes for half a dozen of these hot-weather developers, which it would be too technical to give here, altho photographers will be glad to know that it has been found possible to prepare them. He concludes:



MAP OF THE WORLD AS SHOWN BY THE CYLINDRICAL EQUAL-AREA PROJECTION.

Relative areas are correctly shown on this projection. Distortion in shape is shown by the index diagrams which all represent the same shape and size on the earth. On this map their areas remain the same, only their shape being distorted.

equal to the distortion from E to W. The result is that this projection shows compass directions by straight lines but at the loss of a truthful representation of areas and shapes in high latitudes."

DO ENGLISH RAILWAYS EXCEL OURS IN SERVICE?

THAT THE ENGLISH railroads excel our own in the safety, speed, and comfort of their passenger service, is asserted by an American critic, writing on the subject in *The Railway and Engineering Review* (Chicago, Aug. 5). In the first place, he says, Great Britain's showing in immunity from fatal accidents is remarkable. There seems to be a temperamental difference in the two peoples which goes far to explain this. Americans are impatient and in a hurry. The British traveler is more stolid and less inclined to take risks. American railway employees are proverbial chance-takers, and are not as amenable to discipline as British railway trainmen. These differences in both passenger and employee bear a relation to accidents. Again, the greater stability of the British roadway and structures, the absence of grade crossings, high platforms at stations, and the general use of manual control signaling all tend to reduce the risk of accident on English railways, in spite of their greater density of traffic. As regards speed we hold the record on certain high-speed and long-distance runs, but the English beat us on the average, and it is this that counts. We read:

"Between the notable performance on the exceptional runs and the average of the regular first-class express trains on runs of 100 to 300 miles, there is quite a wide gap, and it is in this respect that the many fast trains of England excel. It does not follow, however, that the United States is to be criticized, if it is true in England, as it seems to be, that speed and long non-stop runs are a form of wasteful competition and are not justified by public necessity or returns. Competition between railways in England has usually taken the form of increasing or bettering facilities or service. This policy is brought about partly because of the legislative difficulty of restoring a rate reduced temporarily. Naturally, rate-cutting between competing lines has not been resorted to, but competition has been very keen in punctuality, speed, frequent trains, and expensive equipment, and has given the British public an appetite for a more costly service than the traffic demands. Under this stimulus, there is wasteful competition in express trains of the non-stop type, and in the auxiliary service in dining-cars, lunch-baskets, and station privileges."

The writer next calls attention to the generosity of the English roads in caring for the comfort of their passengers, and the noticeable degree of courtesy and helpfulness on the part of the staff. Among porters and men of similar grade, gratuities are expected and given, but custom has set the amount low. And

any service rendered or information given is marked by a cheerfulness which is independent of the size of the tip. To quote again:

"The extent and quality of the British dining-car and luncheon facilities on trains and in stations seem to give little thought of returns. Nearly every important train has one or more dining-cars, separate cars being provided usually for first- and third-class passengers. In the first-class diner a good table d'hôte dinner is served for sixty-three to seventy-five cents. One detail of operation might be profitably copied here on certain trains. A short time before the meal is to be served, the dining-car steward goes through the train and ascertains how many passengers wish to dine. Each is assigned a time and a seat number, thus avoiding confusion and waiting in vestibule, as well as enabling the dining-car staff more accurately to anticipate the demand to be made upon their facilities and supplies.

"For those who prefer to lunch in their compartment, passengers may call upon porters at large stations or ask the guard to telegraph ahead for lunch-baskets which are furnished by the station lunch-rooms. Sixty-three cents pays for a basket generously provided with a choice of combinations of hot steaks or chops, or cold chicken and ham, salad, bread, butter, salt, mustard, cheese, crackers, and the necessary knives, forks, spoons, plates, glasses, etc. For those who desire it, a bottle of wine, beer, ale, or mineral water is provided for an extra sixpence, making the total cost seventy-five cents. The basket and fittings are left in the compartment to be returned to the issuing station. This form of luncheon is quite convenient for small parties traveling together, especially when they have a compartment to themselves, and the size of the portions provided make it necessary to order as many baskets as there are passengers in the party.

"The station facilities generally are ample and have due regard for the comfort of passengers. Some of them have lounging- and writing-rooms, with free stationery. As a rule, the waiting-rooms and toilet-rooms are scrupulously clean, but the appearance of the walls on the track side is seriously marred by advertisements which are displayed on every available inch of space. When on a moving train and straining one's eyes to catch the name of the station, it is exasperating to lose it in the medley of advertising signs.

"Under the British system of handling baggage, the traveler surrenders his luggage, and, without check or receipt, is asked to accept in blind faith the word of the porter that his bag or box will go on his train and be put off at his destination, according to the label which is pasted on each piece. Notwithstanding its apparent deficiencies, the losses from this system are relatively less than those under the American checking system. It is possible under the labeling plan to get one's luggage within two or three minutes after the arrival of the train. At large stations in this country such a thing is not accomplished, and sometimes there is considerable delay. The Englishman, as a rule, prefers to have his luggage with him rather than trust it to the transfer companies. Americans wonder why there is not a great deal of loss under the British labeling-system, but the fact remains that the losses are negligible.

"The foregoing evidence . . . puts the English railways in a

favorable light, and probably is sufficient for each to form his own conclusions. One other important feature is outside the scope of this paper, but should be hinted at. I refer to the fact that the British traveler pays well for his service. This feature has a very material bearing in any comparison of reasonableness of service, but if developed here, would exclude other topics of more general interest. Suffice it to say that British passenger rates are considerably higher than ours."

FINGER-PRINT IDENTIFICATION

FINGER-PRINTS as a means of personal identification were heard of, until quite lately, only in novels like Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson" and in the laboratories of experimental biologists like Galton. The courts were either ignorant of them or would have none of them. Now they have waked up, so widely that one wonders whether they will not also presently wake to the value of other scientific methods of detecting crime, now confined to the laboratories and to popular fiction. A burglar, we are told by a writer in *The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette* (New York, August), was recently convicted in a metropolitan court, altho he had established an alibi, solely by the evidence of finger-marks on a pane of glass. These were identical with those that have been in the Police Department since 1907, when this prisoner was convicted of a previous crime. His counsel constantly objected to such evidence as irrelevant; but when finally the prisoner comprehended how conclusive it was, he broke down, pleaded guilty, and threw himself on the court's mercy. We read further:

"The expert witness who demonstrated the evidential value of finger-prints at this trial was Lieutenant Faurot, who heads the Identification Bureau of the New York City Police Department. This expert, in order to demonstrate the conclusiveness of the finger-print system of identification, asked the court to put it to the following test: Twelve men picked at random from among reporters, court officers, and others, were asked to step up and press their finger ends upon an inked block. This being done, and each imprint having been designated by a letter, one of the twelve was directed to grasp the same pane of glass which the prisoner had removed from the loft. Faurot, having absented himself during these proceedings, was now recalled to the court-room. The print thus made being almost invisible, some powdered chalk was lightly dusted over it upon the glass; Faurot then compared it with the twelve, and readily and correctly identified it with that among the twelve which had been designated 'L.'

"In further demonstration Lieutenant Faurot introduced in evidence the photographs of twins. The front and profiles of the two were remarkably alike, as were also their Bertillon measurements; these measurements and photographs being passed around to the jury, they all (so it is reported) admitted they could not tell which was which. Lieutenant Faurot then demonstrated by means of their finger-prints how very simple a matter it was to tell these twins apart. Further testimony of great scientific and practical interest was given by this admirable expert. Since the finger-print system of identification was introduced in these United States he has taken 65,000 impressions. This method is relied on when photographs and the Bertillon measurements fail. The Scotland Yard detectives have been greatly assisted by this means: for instance, a man having been arrested as a suspicious character in a New York hotel, his finger-prints were sent to Scotland Yard; a few days after a corresponding set of finger-prints (with the arrested man's photograph) were sent to New York, with the information that he was 'wanted' in London for a hotel robbery.

"Apart from criminal proceedings: At least one railroad now uses this system as a means of identifying employees. Banks now identify foreigners in this way. Some of the government employees in the Canal Zone are paid by means of this system, as are also the Indians, who can not write their names. One may conceive here a veritable revolution in civilized transactions; for example, the substitution on behalf of people who can not write their names, of the finger-print for 'his mark' on documents. The latter, which is just a cross, is no means of identification at all; the finger-print is a much more positive signature than the writing of the name, besides being almost absolutely unforgeable."

According to this writer, the finger-print system of identification, altho usually attributed to Bertillon, was really due to Sir Francis Galton, who proposed it and first reduced it to a system, referring it later to Bertillon, who was for a time very skeptical regarding its merits. We read further:

"About a month before Galton died the finger-print method was temporarily (and for the first time) successfully controverted in an English police court: A man was charged on suspicion with having been found loitering, supposedly in order to commit a felony. A previous conviction was sought to be established against him by the production from the police records of finger-prints, these being pronounced identical with his. He, however, handed in papers showing that he was serving in the army at the time of the alleged conviction, whereupon he was promptly discharged. This event was naturally disconcerting, for identification by finger-prints had been regarded as infallible; and many declared (and not without reason) that this single failure should discredit the whole system. Nevertheless a week later it was ascertained and proved beyond peradventure that this prisoner had stolen the army papers from another man; what is more, it was shown clearly by other marks of identification (as well as by his handwriting) that here was indubitably the man to whom the police had referred. . . .

"Galton published his 'Finger-Prints' in 1892, and soon afterward his 'Index of Finger-Prints.' He claimed that the chance of the finger-prints of two individuals being identical is less than one in sixty-four billions—a margin safe enough for the most careful of judicial procedures. If therefore two such prints are compared and found to be identical, nothing human can be more reasonable than that they are the prints of the same person; if they are not identical they must surely belong to different people. The chance of error is here infinitesimal; and such chance is still further eliminated if prints of three or more fingers are taken. The only requisite seems to be that the prints be taken clearly enough to bring out all the lines. It is considered that these lines and prints are more enduring than any other mark of the body; they do not vary from youth to age; they persist even after death, at least until decomposition has set in. Injuries alone change them; but a cut would be an added identification."

RUNNING TRAINS BY TELEPHONE

THE SUBSTITUTION of the telephone for the telegraph in train-dispatching is termed by *The Railway and Engineering Review* (Chicago) "one of the greatest steps ever taken by the railroads." Train-dispatching, says this paper, has hardly kept pace with advances in other departments of railway operation. It "follows in the wake of advanced methods, struggling to overcome the obstacles incident to heavy and rapid traffic." Elsewhere, labor-saving and safety appliances have smoothed the path for the railroad man, but the train-dispatcher, until the adoption of the telephone as an aid, has not moved far from his old position of heavy, nervous strain and responsibility. We read:

"To-day, as always, he stands directly in charge of the movement of trains. His success depends upon his ability to quickly foresee and forestall. He is, in one respect, the most independent, and in another, the most dependent, employee of a railroad. No one can stand over him and successfully direct his work, while, on the other hand, without the cooperation of officials, train and enginemen and operators, he is a failure.

"The telegraph, in recent years, has been the ever present 'sticking brake' to the train-dispatcher. It prevents quick and effective communication of orders to the men who are to execute them. The dispatcher's work has been so far behind his thought that the effect of a well-laid plan is often lost before it is possible to transmit the required orders to all concerned. Telegraph operators at way stations are too frequently amateurs and are often sadly incompetent. The suspense and mental strain upon the dispatcher while calling offices for orders or to procure information incident to the movement of trains, has made physical and nervous wrecks of many otherwise successful men.

"The use of the telephone for operating trains is one of the greatest steps ever taken by railroads to put the train-dispatcher on his feet. The bell in place of the telegraph call solves the

problem for prompt service on the part of the operators. Good English in place of the Morse alphabet eliminates the poor telegrapher from the dispatcher's category of troubles, and reduces misunderstandings to a minimum.

"The telephone permits an element of personality to enter into the work, which is far-reaching in its good effect and which is impossible with the telegraph. Direct communication with conductors, engineers, yardmasters, and officials, in cases of congestion, engine failures, accidents, or severe weather, permits of a more thorough understanding of conditions and quicker action in making arrangements to overcome irregularities than is possible through a number of telegraphic messages.

"Prejudice against the telephone on account of its liability to get out of order and the interference of outside persons, is ungrounded when the system is properly installed and where proper discipline is maintained among employees having access to the instruments. The telephone will work satisfactorily through weather conditions which often render the telegraph useless. All other things being equal, it is fair to say that a dispatcher can handle one-third more business on a single track with the telephone than with key and sounder, and do it with less effort and with less delay in traffic."

OVERHEAD BAGGAGE-HANDLING IN STATIONS

IN SMALL railway stations in this country baggage is universally handled on a level with the track, while in large terminals where the volume of traffic is great, it is often done underneath the track level. Methods of overhead handling have been introduced abroad and are very successful, according to an editorial writer in *Engineering News* (New York, Aug. 17) who thinks that they simplify and cheapen the problem greatly. The handling of baggage between trains and baggage-rooms at large railway stations with rapidity and facility and without undue interference with passengers or obstruction of the train platforms, he considers one of the difficult problems in the design of modern terminal stations. We read:

"The hand truck is employed almost universally for transportation (with the electric motor truck in a few exceptional cases), but to limit its use on the train platforms two methods have been employed: in one case narrow platforms for the exclusive use of the trucks are placed between the tracks (alternating with the wider passenger platforms); in the other case the trucks are handled in subways or lower floors (or sometimes on upper floors) and are raised and lowered by elevators. In some cases there is an elevator at each end of the platform, one at the inner end for baggage from incoming trains and one at the outer end for that sent to outgoing trains. A system of overhead conveyers and inclined chutes has been tried at one of the terminal stations in Paris (France), and an English railway has made an interesting application of the electric telferage system for a similar purpose, altho this latter case is mainly for the handling of parcels service, which is distinct from the ordinary baggage service. This telferage installation is described elsewhere, and is of particular interest in view of the increasing attention which is being given in this country to the adoption of this system for freight-handling purposes at railway freight stations and at industrial plants. In the telfer system, the baggage or freight is loaded upon carriers which are raised by traveling trolley hoists running on an overhead runway.

"This system requires, of course, ample headway, so as to raise the load clear of passengers or teams; this prevents its application to many freight-houses and warehouses having stories of ordinary height, and prevents its application to passenger stations having low trainsheds or independent platform shelters. In passenger stations, also, the runway and its supports may be objected to as presenting an unsightly appearance. But in the case of an existing station, where improved facilities are desirable and sufficient head-room is available, this question of esthetics may be of very minor importance. As compared with the construction of subways and elevators, it is practically certain that

for a telferage system the cost would be very much less, while the former system would still require the transportation by trucks over practically the entire length of the platforms. In a freight-house there is no fixed course of travel, as material delivered at any one door may have to be transferred to any one of the outgoing cars, or transported from any one car to any of the team-loading points. For baggage service the problem is simplified by the fact that, as a rule, the outgoing material is distributed from one point (the baggage-room) and incoming material is delivered to the same point."

SPRINGS OF HOLLOW TUBING

UNTIL RECENTLY it has not been thought possible to make springs of coiled tubing, nor would it have been thought desirable to do so. Pillars are cast hollow to give them strength and stiffness, whereas a spring requires flexibility and elasticity. This opinion is due to the common mistake of supposing that hollowing out a column or a rod strengthens it. A hollow column is stronger, not than a solid one of the same size, but than a solid one containing the same amount of metal, which would, of course, be smaller. Of two columns of equal diameter, the hollow one is less stiff and more flexible. Consequently, if a spring is to be made of wire of a given outside dimension, its flexibility will be improved by making it hollow. Says a writer in *Cosmos* (Paris, July 15):

"The use of steel tubing is very extensive in these latter years, but hitherto the word 'tube' has evoked an idea of stiffness, of rigidity. This idea is explained by the fact that for equal weight a tube is much more stiff and strong than a solid bar; so the tube is always used when we wish to obtain great strength with slight weight. This is the case with a large number of pieces of bicycles, automobiles, aeronautic apparatus, etc.

"Now an engineer, Mr. François Ernoul, has made of the tubular section an application that would appear somewhat unexpected, in the manufacture of springs. 'A tube,' we shall be told, 'can not be used for a spring; it can be only stiff and will break sooner than bend!' Now this is a fallacy. The truth is that a tube of the same outer size as a solid bar is more flexible than the latter.

"Mr. Ernoul has made a convincing comparative test at the Arts et Metiers laboratory. Two springs absolutely the same in appearance, the one of solid wire, the other of tubing one-millimeter in wall-thickness, were tested. Under a pull of 660 pounds the tubular spring yielded by nearly three inches, the solid spring by less than an inch and a half. After this amount of flexion, the tubular spring showed a permanent deformation of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, whereas after a flexure of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches the permanent deformation of the solid spring reached $\frac{1}{4}$ inch.

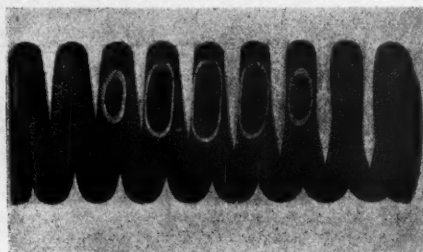
"For equal exterior dimensions, the tube is therefore more flexible; it bends more and recovers better. On the contrary, for equal weights, the tubular spring will resist a stronger pull. For equal strength it gives a serious economy of weight—an appreciable advantage in certain applications, such as aviation (buffer springs for landing, etc.). Its smaller inertia enables it to react flexibly in very rapid movements where mass-inertia would interfere.

"The theory of the hollow spring depends on the theory of the tube. It is well known that in a solid bar that does work by twisting, for example, the fibers of the metal that 'tire' most and consequently determine the limit of resistance are found at the edge. The fibers do less and less work as they approach the center, where the so-called 'neutral fibers' do scarcely any work at all.

"The superiority and the economy of the tube are due to the suppression of the neutral fibers and those that are most inactive and the preservation of those fibers alone that do the most work.

"In spiral springs, the metal does its work precisely in the desired conditions for making the tubular arrangement manifest its advantages. The same principle of economy may be applied in some sort to flat springs; in place of making them of flat plates, they may be given a curved profile in transverse section."

—Translation made for THE LITERARY DIGEST.



ERNOULT'S HOLLOW-TUBE SPRING.



LETTERS AND ART



DID REMBRANDT PAINT "THE MILL"?

ENGLISH PAPERS have made much of a story purporting to have come to them from America, that the painting of "The Mill" ascribed to Rembrandt is by another hand. This picture, it will be recalled, was put up for sale by Lord Lansdowne, who gave the first chance of acquiring it to the British nation. The price, \$500,000, was, however, prohibitive, and it passed into the possession of Mr. P. A. B. Widener of Philadelphia, in whose house it now hangs. The American press has chosen to ignore the stories, perhaps under the conviction that here was a mare's nest similar to that found in London when the Venus, by Velasquez, bought at a great price for the National Gallery, was declared to be the work of his son-in-law Mazo. The English papers have been persistent in following up the new discussion, *The Morning Post* (London) and *The Athenæum* (London) being especially active. The former journal, through its critic, Mr. Robert Ross, was the first to publish

the news, and now that it has been prest rather hard by its correspondents, comes out with this interesting promise signed by the editor of the paper: "Our contention is that some one claims to have discovered a signature on the picture, that the alleged discovery was discuss in London, and that if it should prove true it will be a matter of extraordinary interest." One of the correspondents of *The Morning Post* is Mr. Robert C. Watt, secretary of the National Art Collections Fund, who calls for the "alleged evidence." The editor asks him "to wait until October, when the alleged evidence will be published in columns that will perhaps claim more of his regard than our own, and he will be able to laugh at us or with us as the case may be." In such an event the matter can surely be no longer without interest on this side the sea. *The Evening Sun* (New York), reprinting a few days ago an article in *The Athenæum*, asked if it were not time for the rumor to be dealt with in America. The matter is put in brief by the *London Sphere* (July 29) as follows:

"On Friday of last week *The Morning Post* made the highly interesting announcement that the famous picture entitled 'The Mill' was probably painted by a Dutchman named Hercules Seghers and not by the famous master, Rembrandt. The picture recently passed from the Marquis of Lansdowne's collection to Mr. Henry C. Frick [error for Mr. P. A. B. Widener] for a sum well over £100,000. It will be recalled by all who saw the canvas at the National Gallery that it was covered with a thick coat of opaque varnish. When this was removed the signature of Hercules Seghers, or Segers, was revealed, we are told, on the picture so clear that it shows distinctly in a photograph that was taken. There are a number of eminent authorities who will not be surprised at the news. Among them is Dr. Hofstede de Groot. On the 7th of March we quoted part of an interview with him

which appeared in the *New York Herald*. He said that altho he greatly admired "The Mill" he could not help thinking that £100,000 was too high a price to pay for a picture possessing no pedigree prior to its entrance into the Orléans Gallery, lacking the master's signature, and covered with a thick coating of yellow varnish, which was likely to render examination a matter of difficulty. In conclusion Dr. de Groot stated that no studies or engravings by Rembrandt of this particular scene were in existence."

The name of Seghers is tolerably unfamiliar even to art lovers;

students, however, know him as an etcher. *The Sphere* gives these facts about the unknown Dutchman:

"He was born in 1589, and his death is recorded as having taken place in 1650. Seghers' influence is evident in the works of Rembrandt, who owned several of his pictures and a copper-plate of his "Tobias and the Angel," which he worked on, transforming it to "A Flight into Egypt." A number of paintings that once bore the name of Rembrandt have been proved to be by Seghers. "The Storm," in the Uffizi in Florence, was for long attributed to Rembrandt. But Dr. Bode, after comparing it with some of Seghers' etchings, now gives it to the latter, and this restitution is accepted

by the officials of the Uffizi. Dr. Bode says that this is Seghers' masterpiece, one of the most impressive landscape pictures of all times.

"It does, indeed, no dishonor to the name which it bore; the design is so grand . . . and at the same time the mood is so powerfully impressive that we are reminded of Rembrandt's "Mill" at Bowood. Not only the spirit pervading it, but the light, and the deep, warm brownish tone put us in mind of Rembrandt. In the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin is a Dutch landscape (808a) which after it was cleaned showed the signature, 'Hercules Segers,' under the false signature of 'J. N. Goyen.'"

When *The Morning Post* first published its news the writer added: "This rumor is of particular interest to us in view of the Rokeby Venus discovery. If the news from America is true, it will once more upset the experts and make them reconsider their pontifical statements about the 'Mill' and the 'Venus' and may bring them to the humble but honorable condition of listening to the opinions of other sincere students." The retort in *The Athenæum* reads in part:

"As all the world knows, the picture was not acquired by Mr. Henry C. Frick, but by Mr. P. A. B. Widener; and the report published in *The Morning Post*, so far from being confirmed by cable, is strenuously denied.

"It should be noted that the writer of the article does not pretend to have seen a photograph of the picture since it was cleaned. Nor, by the way, did the cleaning take place in America—as might at first be inferred—but at the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin, by Prof. Hauser under the supervision of Dr. Bode, the supreme authority on Rembrandt, who is certainly justified in the statement that he has lately made to the effect that 'the picture's beauties were never



A COMING STORM CENTER IN THE ART WORLD.

A leading London paper promises revelations that will tend to cast doubt upon the authenticity of this canvas as the work of Rembrandt.

so convincingly evident as now."

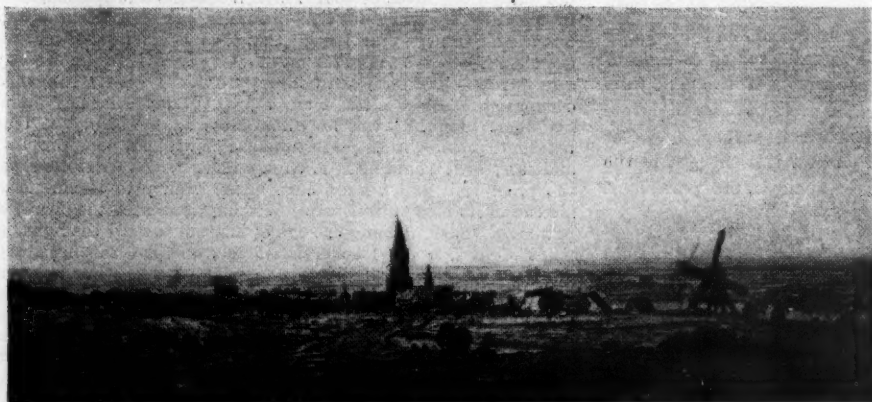
"As I have carefully examined this week the only photograph of the picture in London—it was taken in Paris immediately after the picture had been cleaned in Berlin—may I be allowed to indorse thoroughly Dr. Bode's latest and unqualified appreciation of this wonderful landscape? The whole of the 'thick coat of opaque varnish,' to which the writer in *The Morning Post* refers, has most certainly not been removed, as he alleges; yet by the wonderful exercise of the cleaner's art the picture is now seen to be full of light, its superlative esthetic and technical qualities are at last revealed, and three small *pentimenti* are visible for the first time. No signature or monogram can be detected on the picture, which now contains seven human figures."

KIPLING AS HISTORIAN

MR. Kipling has lately lent his hand to the preparation of a history of England for children. He shares responsibility with Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher and his is likely the minor part since his name stands second of the authors. For all that his reputation has attracted to the volume an unwonted attention, some of it of a nature that can not be called entirely flattering to Mr. Kipling. He never answers back, however, being satisfied with an attitude of "what I have written I have written." In the *Manchester Guardian* Mr. John Masefield, the well-known dramatist, declares that "as a work of history it is nearly as worthless as a book can be; as a work designed to influence the minds of children, it is the most pernicious we have seen." For these reasons:

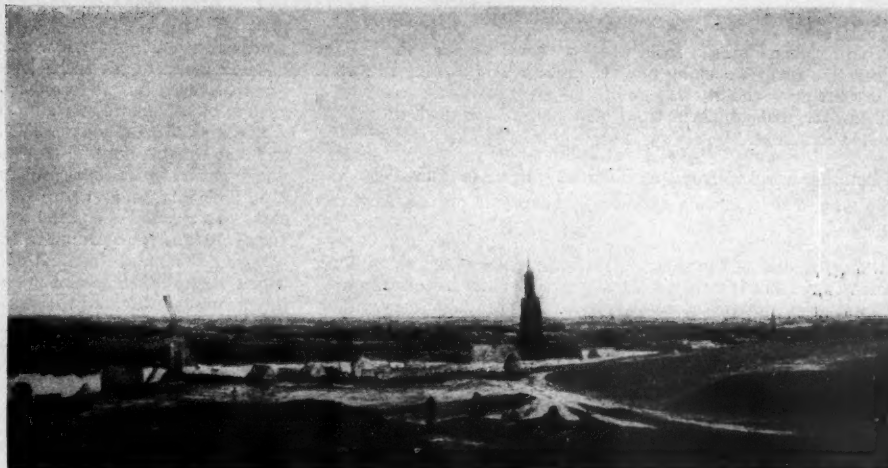
"It is little more than a glorification of bloody and violent deeds, and an exhortation toward conscription, a strong navy, an army that 'could bite by land,' tariff reform, the suppression of liberal ideas, the dislike and distrust of foreigners; in fact, the general program of cowardice and bloodiness which delighted the national heart twelve years ago."

"The authors seem to become aware, from time to time, that they are talking nonsense," says Mr. Masefield. "Whenever this happens they sit upon the fence." Thus:



A CANVAS ATTRIBUTED TO SEGHERS.

It is regarded by some as significant that both these canvases show mills not unlike the one in the "Rembrandt" picture.



THE ONLY AUTHENTICATED CANVAS BY SEGHERS.

This picture hangs in the Berlin Gallery. Dr. Bode declares it the only signed canvas by the man whose name, some assert, has been found on the "Rembrandt Mill."

"Richard was a most gallant soldier and a born leader of men in war; he was generous and forgiving; but of his father's really great qualities he had very few . . . he remained a great, jolly, impatient child till his death."

"Or thus:

"The war gave the English a long experience in hard knocks which stood them in good stead."

"Men's sense of right and wrong had been corrupted by the French and Scottish wars. Too much fighting is as bad for men as too little."

"Or thus:

"A monster of cruelty and selfishness? Yes, Henry was just that. . . . He was a great patriot, a great Englishman."

"The language used is the hysterical-picturesque. An army does not 'defeat' but 'smashes' its opponents; a British warship could not have 'sunk' certain boats, but 'pounded them into a red rice-pudding in a few minutes.' Our Stuart sailors 'were itching to cut Spanish and Popish throats far away in America and Portuguese throats far away in India, but the fleet was kept hanging about in the Channel while the flag was insulted. . . . So at last men were unwilling to serve in such a navy, and had to be 'imprest,' that is, compelled to serve.' 'Charles was a martyr . . . a martyr for our beautiful and dear Prayer-book.' 'Cromwell . . . strove to make people righteous and God-fearing. . . . All that, however, was a dismal failure; it only disgusted all moderate people with the whole Puritan creed.' On the next page but one we are told that 'in 1660 all wished for nothing better than a peaceful life.' Cromwell's striving can not have been quite such a failure after all. On p. 165 we hear about Charles II. and how he 'had a keen eye for the interests of . . . the navy . . . he let it rot for want of spending money on it.'"

Ireland and America, it is said, come in for a charge of ingratitude. Mr. Masefield can not say "that the mercies described in this book are of a kind to make any nation grateful." He goes on:

"Of intellectual, inventive, thinking, and feeling England there is scarcely any mention. Our noble generations of divines, our jurists, our poets, landscape-painters, historians, scientists, inventors, mighty and world-changing ship-builders, heroic, patient workmen, our sufferers for freedom's sake, all the great religious England of seven centuries, are ignored, presumably as 'idealogue,' by these historians with their rah, tah, tah. . . . And on page 29 we read that 'England should always beware of the north-east wind."

It blows her no good'; from which we conclude that the valiant knees are really knocking and the great hearts turning to water. Very fittingly, the St. George on the cover is represented with a black eye. He stands in front of a banner stamped with frog-footed monkeys."

Another stroke, from a different angle, is aimed at the book by *The Guardian* (London), the organ of the Anglican Church.

"A good deal of the poetry is no better than doggerel, with no point to redeem it either. A good many of the historical statements need drastic correction. . . . It does not very much matter that they describe the Roman Commander-in-Chief facetiously as gone to Bath, 'taking the waters to cure his indigestion'—not the ailment for which Bath waters are taken—or even that he describes the 'Saxon Englishman' as 'a savage, with the vices and cruelties of an overgrown boy, a drunkard and a gambler and very stupid,' which really is not how little boys and girls should be taught to describe their big brothers. But it does matter much more that they should so thoroughly misunderstand monasticism as to describe a monk as one 'who retires from the world in order to devote himself to prayer, with a view to saving his own soul.' Have the authors never heard of St. Benedict and 'Laborare est orare'? They actually believe that King Edward was called Confessor because 'he was always confessing his sins.' But it is mere nonsense to say that in the Middle Ages no one doubted that priests could really pardon sin—or at least question-begging controversialism which should be kept out of a child's history with other exaggerated words about the Mass and the like. 'Catholic,' we may note, is throughout the book always used for Romanist, and Catholicism is, as a creed, unhesitatingly condemned—which must puzzle a child who has to learn the Apostles' Creed at the same time that he learns Messrs. Fletcher and Kipling's History."

EXALTING THE TEACHER'S TRADE

TEACHING has been called "a dingy trade" by an English writer, and the supposition is that its dinginess turns aside many bright minds to careers that promise more brilliance. We have been listening, of late, to "wholesale denunciation of the inefficiency of our whole system of education." The teachers of school and college have not escaped the general condemnation. But one thing is usually forgotten "by those who indulge habitually and with apparent pleasure in the agreeable pastime of criticism," says Prof. Oscar Kuhns, of Wesleyan University. This is "the fact that, after all, comparatively few men in all ages are real lovers of learning." "Multitudes of youth go to college because it is a necessary adjunct of a gentleman." From this comes a corresponding demand for teachers, "and a far larger number of men enter the teaching profession than the natural proportion of born teachers can supply." This is one of the disabilities from which there seems no escape. But, according to Professor Kuhns, the profession also suffers from those who regard teaching as a dingy trade, and "who welcome every opportunity of escaping from what they call the drudgery of the class-room in order to devote themselves to the work of original investigation." In *The Methodist Review* Professor Kuhns pursues this thought in the course of an article which he calls "Apologia pro professione sua." Thus:

"Undoubtedly one of the causes which have brought disrepute to the teacher's profession in late years is the extraordinary importance attached to so-called 'original work.' The whole tendency of our universities and graduate schools has been to emphasize the practical benefit of publishing some piece of investigation, for this counts for a great deal when a man is seeking for a position in teaching. There is a good deal of truth in Hegel's words, commenting on the method of Pythagoras in condemning his pupils to silence for five years. 'In a sense this duty of silence is the essential condition of all culture and learning. True culture must begin with resolute self-effacement, with a purely receptive attitude.' Not that a man can be the best

teacher without creative work. To refer to our own standard of good teachers, we see in every case that they were not only great teachers, but philosophers, poets, writers, scientific investigators; but the mere mechanical compiling of uncorrelated facts, which makes up much so-called investigation, produces neither the true scholar nor the true teacher. Is teaching, then, not a dingy trade, but a beautiful art, as Professor Palmer calls it? Yes, it is this; and to succeed in it demands all our powers to carry to a successful end the task we have in hand. The art must vary constantly, according to the size of our classes, the different personal elements, the time of the year, and the institution in which we teach. The aim must be to open the eyes of youth to the meaning of life and the world; and, as we have already seen, no man can do this whose own eyes are not already opened. 'The conclusion of the whole matter,' says Plato, in his 'Phædrus,' 'is this: That until a man knows the truth, and the manner of adapting the truth to the nature of other men, he can not be a good orator.'"

And yet, while it is an ennobling thing to regard teaching as a beautiful art, it is not, declares this teacher, the highest point of view in which to regard it. He goes on:

"Every year multitudes of young men enter our colleges and universities for various purposes; some—and they are the largest part—come because their parents send them or because it has become the proper thing to be a 'college man'; a few, as of old, come because of a passionate love for learning and the scholar's life; and to-day there is no lack of young men like the one spoken of by Johnson:

When first the college rolls receive his name
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Restless burns the fever of renown,
Brought from the strong contagion of the gown.

How shall we regard these young men, most of whom are utter strangers to us? As chumps, as burdens, as hindrances to that 'delightful leisure' of the scholar which so many hours of classroom interfere with? or, still more, with contempt and hostility? 'Who's that, Jim?' said an English villager to a friend. 'It's a stranger.' 'Then hit him with a brick.' This sentiment, which lies at the bottom of so much hazing, is latent to a certain degree in the mind of many a teacher who regards teaching as a dingy trade. Over against this spirit let us take a line of Dante, as an illustration of the only true teacher. In that beautiful scene in the Paradiso, where the spirits in the Heaven of Mercury, seeing Dante approach under the escort of Beatrice, come streaming toward him, they cry out in the gladness of their welcome, 'Ecco chi cresceràli nostri amori.' [Lo, one who shall increase our loves.] The word love, to many people, connotes mere sentimentality; yet no man is worthy the name of teacher in the highest sense who does not feel something of this in his heart, who does not look on his profession as a constant means of increasing his love of learning by means of which he may acquire that insight into the meaning of life, that knowledge of the great Universe of Nature and the heart of man which gradually will give him that sense of harmony in all things which is the reward of earnest study. How grateful a man ought to be that he can spend his life cultivating love for that which is eternal and infinite, that intellectual love which for Schopenhauer was no mortal maiden, but the august vision of truth; that love which, in the words of Spinoza, 'feeds the soul with unmingled joy, a joy untainted by any sorrow.' No man can be happy unless he has a congenial occupation. 'Blest is the man,' says Carlyle, 'who has found his work. Let him ask no other blessedness.' For the true teacher expression is just as natural as it is with the poet, prophet, and seer, with whom he is so closely related. As Aristotle says, the proof of a man's knowledge is the ability to teach. And instead of its being a contemptible thing to awaken the dormant powers of youth, turning the eye of his soul toward the light, in point of fact, if the teacher is sincere, and has the necessary gift, no work is more dignified or more satisfying. 'For to know and declare the truth in matters of high interest which a man loves, among men who love him, is a safe thing, and gives confidence.' The spirit of such a man is like that of the poor peasant of Zermatt, who, filled with love for his native valley and the mountain world about it dominated by the Matterhorn, built a rude hut on the Theodule Glacier and all summer long welcomed the wayfaring traveler and pointed out the glories of sunrise and sunset on the snow-covered mountains he loved so well. 'Gentlemen,' he was wont to say, 'I am working for humanity.'"

AN ELIZABETHAN PLAYHOUSE

COLUMBIA COLLEGE is to become the fortunate possessor of a model of the "Fortune" Theater which stood in the Golding Lane of Elizabeth's London, being built in 1600. The reconstruction has been made by Mr. A. Forestier from specifications left by Edward Alleyn, the actor, who made from the playhouse the fortune that enabled him to found Dulwich College. This model has been recently on exhibition in London and was acquired for Columbia by Prof. Brander Matthews, somewhat, apparently, to the chagrin of the *London Times*, for it observes: "Columbia University is just a little too far off for those of Shakespeare's own countrymen who might wish to see it." It furthermore adds: "Perhaps some day the country may be able to afford a replica for London or Stratford." The *New York Evening Post* gives us this description of the model:

"Apart from the fact that Shakespeare himself is said to have acted in the Fortune Theater, the model is of much interest to the student of the drama. The building was fashioned in the style of an Elizabethan inn, as a quadrangle with the center open to the air. Above the wide veranda which covers half the stage, there is a higher story or 'tower,' red-tiled like the gabled roof that runs round the other three sides of the house over the three tiers of seats for the spectators.

"The tiers along each of the two side walls are divided into seven bays by wooden columns; at the back of the house are eight bays, one of which is taken up by the staircase which mounts from the main entrance (the only one except the performers' door behind the stage), so that the general effect of the rows of box-like openings is very much the same as at Covent Garden Theater, except that the balconies are not built in a curve, but in severe straight lines. The outside walls are of plaster, pierced by a large number of lattice windows and broken by broad oak beams; the rest of the house was entirely built of wood.

"The stage, except for an opening in the center where the actors stood, is surrounded, like the front of the boxes, with a light balustrade, and reaches as nearly as possible half-way down the house, with a narrow passage on each side separating it from the end boxes. Each of these passages ends in a little staircase leading to a real Romeo-and-Juliet balcony across the back of the stage, under which there are three doors, right, center, and left. The model was made from Alleyn's specifications preserved in the library of Dulwich College."

The drawing, which we reproduce from *The Illustrated London News*, shows the interior of the theater during a performance of "The Roaring Girl." The same journal gives a few facts concerning the history of the building, and the ultimate purpose it was made to serve:

"The Fortune Theater, chief rival to Shakespeare's Theater, the Globe, was between Whitecross Street and Golding Lane, in St. Giles's, Cripplegate. Before it stood a name-sign, a statue of Dame Fortune; just as before the Globe stood a Hercules upholding a world. The building of it was begun in 1600 for Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn, who opened it in that or the following year. It was burnt down in 1621, and was rebuilt. It was destroyed by Puritan soldiery in 1649; but its frontage stood until, at all events, the middle of the eighteenth century. At it (and at the Bear Garden, Bankside) Alleyn made the money with which Dulwich College was founded. Of the eleven theaters in London at the end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Globe and the Fortune alone were served by the two great companies which were under the Sovereign's patronage, as well as by smaller companies.

"The two great companies were those of the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Admiral. 'The Roaring Girl' was

written in 1611 by Thomas Middleton, aided by Dekker. In view of this reconstruction by our artist it is interesting to note that another reconstruction is in the making—in the form of a model by Mr. James P. Maginnis, A.M.I.C.E., M.I.M.E. . . . Meantime, it should be understood that the two reconstructions are distinct: neither Mr. Forestier nor Mr. Maginnis was aware that any one else was at work on the same subject."



INTERIOR OF "THE FORTUNE."

The model of the reconstruction of Edward Alleyn's theater which is to come to Columbia University. It was made from specifications preserved in Dulwich College.

THE FLIGHT OF "MONA LISA"—Paris is agog over the mysterious disappearance from the Louvre of the "most famous painting in the world"—Leonardo Da Vinci's "Mona Lisa." She was last seen on August 20. Clues have been furnished pointing to her flight in the direction of Belgium, of Spain, and of North and South America. Of course the bogey of the American collector is invoked. The *New York Sun* prints this Paris dispatch:

"Deputy Joseph Reinach suggests a hypothesis which assumes that American millionaire collectors are the easy dupes they are generally represented to be with regard to art. He says: 'Many ancient and reputed ancient copies of the picture exist. One was circulating recently in Paris which the possessor maintained was the original. If thieves possess one of these copies they could return the original to the Louvre after some time and then sell their copy in America, telling the millionaires that the painting in the Louvre was only a copy.'

"There will be an atmosphere of doubt surrounding 'La Joconde' after this. Of course as the original, the painting would find no purchaser, but every copy will gain henceforth in salable value."

"The *Cri de Paris* repeats to-day its story of a year ago that the original 'Mona Lisa' was stolen in June, 1910, and was replaced by a copy. The paper says the original is now in a New York gallery."



COATESVILLE'S SHAME

WHAT MADE the Coatesville horror possible? is a question many are asking, when they examine the local conditions and find only an apparently peaceful, commonplace Quaker community. Yet here a negro was taken from a hospital, whither he had been brought after severely wounding himself to prevent being taken alive to answer for killing an officer of the law. He was placed upon a burning pile and beaten with fence rails until he died in the flames. The story was told in our last week's issue. Mr. William T. Ellis has made a special study of the crime, its causes, and the community where it occurred, and his answer, in a word, is: "It was a social, political, moral, and religious collapse on the part of a community that is no worse than most of its neighbors, and better than some." But the appalling thing, to his mind, is that the roots of the crime "strike back into the present-day American character." "It was due," he declares, "partly to lack of conviction and character, to essential irreligion; partly to frivolous-mindedness, the old Athenian lust for a new sensation; partly to the corner-loading habit; partly, in its beginnings, to intemperance; partly to lack of the church-going habit (the gathering of the mob synchronized with the evening church services); partly to the enervating influence of local politics of the Pennsylvania brand; small-souled officials who were politicians first and executors of the law afterward; partly to that provincialism which makes men incapable of considering consequences beyond their own village, and primarily to the absence of the great conceptions of loyalty to God's law, and to man's law."

The investigation of this crime, says the writer in *The Continent* (Chicago), leads "up to the door of the churches." We read:

"Coatesville is a more than ordinarily religious town. That fact is written not in cynicism but in sincerity. 'There is a strong and real spiritual life here,' one friend assured me. Thanks largely to the work of William H. Ridgway, the community is especially active along Sunday-school lines. One man's Bible-class has 200 members, another 100, two others 50 each. These men have been studying Jeremiah this month—and practising Zedekiah. In evangelistic work the town is notable. It is the home of the Huston brothers, both of whom were absent on black Sunday. There are seven Protestant churches and one Roman Catholic in the borough. In the hour of trial, they all failed. With deep sorrow it must be written of Coatesville, as doubtless of hundreds of other small cities in like conditions, that there was not enough vital Christian force in the community to withhold a majority of the American citizens from assenting to a most horrible violation of the commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill.' There is blood upon the doorsteps of Coatesville's churches and schools and homes.

"Grim and ghastly, here is a symptomatic condition for the preachers of the gospel, for the Men and Religion Movement, for the organized adult Bible-classes, for the Young Men's Christian Association (the Coatesville association has 400 members and a \$60,000 building), for Christian Endeavor, for the Presbyterian evangelistic committee, and for the American home to ponder. The situation calls for a season of fasting, rather than for a picnic, or for the despicable maneuverings of 'practical' politicians.

"Law failed in Coatesville. Our boasted American self-government collapsed completely when put to a test. The Chinese, Japanese, Hindu, Turkish, European, and British editors who comment upon this terrible tragedy as proof of the breakdown of the American system can not easily be gainsaid."

No man in Coatesville, according to the investigator, raised his voice against the avowed purposes of the crowd. "It was not a bloodthirsty crowd; seemingly heedless, fundamentally lawless, and eager for any sort of excitement." "Any strong man could have turned them aside." The pastors of the seven Protestant churches were away on their vacations; the Roman Catholic priest was in the city, but away from his home. Only

the nurses at the hospital which held the wounded negro raised voices in protest, and they, frightened by the pressure of a besieging mob of thousands, in vain sent appeals over the telephone "to the officials and to leading private citizens for succor." Now that Coatesville has had time to reflect, her attitude toward the crime is fixed. "Nothing in the Coatesville conditions deprecate me more than the city's apparent callousness to the enormity of its offense." The citizens went about their usual business, and when the observer made his visit "their talk was of the business men's annual picnic on the morrow."

"Yes, the town of Coatesville went on a picnic to Reading, three days after this tragedy which startled the world. There were two train-loads, aggregating, the station agent told me, between 1,000 and 1,100 persons. All this is not the conduct one might expect of a city, more than half of whose adult American population had committed, or approvingly witnessed, a foul murder which had caused the whole nation to lift its voice in horror-stricken protest."

The only vigorous indignation the observer heard was "expressed at the newspapers for publishing long accounts of what the people euphemistically call 'this thing.'" Moreover:

"The one leading citizen who is actively indignant over the city's shame told me candidly that the most he thought should be done would be to put some of the young men in jail for a few years; and he was frankly troubled over the fact that certain members of prominent families are involved. At the suggestion that the lynchers might be indicted for murder, he promptly protested, and said he would use all his influence to prevent it.

"This will be bad for politics," was the first word of the county officials at West Chester. Politics of the petty, sordid and dirty kind that curses many small American communities has figured in the case from the first. It has stayed the arm of the local officials; it ran apparent through the gelatinous statement which the Governor issued; it mingled with the fear of 'hurting business' which closed the mouths of local merchants. The people of Coatesville seem not to perceive that in their case the experiment of self-government has failed utterly; and that by their unfitness for the obligations of citizenship they have besmirched the fame of America in the eyes of the whole world."

Unless the white light of a nation's blazing indignation be concentrated upon Coatesville, says Mr. Ellis, it is extremely improbable that any adequate punishment will be meted out.

"As I heard more than once, in the easy and untrue generalizing habit of Americans, 'Everybody was in it.' And will present-day men, of the average sort, convict themselves, or their kin-folk, or their neighbors?

"Be it remembered, Coatesville is a representative American community, of even a higher type than ordinary. That ominous fact is what makes this study of conditions worth the writing. I do not rail at this respectable, prosperous, commonplace, old Pennsylvania town: I regard it merely as 'Exhibit A' in a study of American life.

"Early press dispatches talked about a mob of foreigners doing the lynching. *There are about 3,000 foreigners in Coatesville, but all local accounts agree that they had no part in this crime.* The criminals were Americans, sons and grandsons of Americans; with, it is true, an active minority of the floating American population that drifts from steel town to steel town. There are about 8,000 white American-born citizens in Coatesville. The mob, which was made up mostly of men, and young men at that, numbered at least 4,000. Now what proportion of Coatesville's respectable and church-going folk witnessed the lynching?

"Father Halohan, the Catholic priest of Coatesville, was at first frankly puzzled when I began to question him upon the religious significance of the lynching. . . . In the course of conversation, however, he made a statement which came near to the root of things. Summarized, it is this: Our young people do not know what it is to obey authority. They leave school at 14, spend too much money, care too much for pleasure, and are too heedless of all authority."

TO-DAY'S PHILOSOPHICAL HERO

IT IS STATED that a real revival of religious philosophy is taking place in Paris, and "students from all parts of the world are crowding to hear the new prophet." He is by name Henri Bergson, who was born in Paris in 1859 and who since 1900 has been Professor of Philosophy in the Collège de France. From him, according to Dr. W. Tudor Jones who writes in *The Christian Commonwealth* (London), a wave of new idealism is flowing all over the Western world. "Far more than we realize," he declares, "is being done by scientists and philosophers for the religion of the future." The two old enemies, science and philosophy, are becoming friends. "Science becomes more and more idealistic on its theoretical side, and more and more practical in its results. . . . Philosophy, it is true, is approaching science more than in the past, yet science, too, is approaching philosophy." Many capable judges, we are told, regard Professor Bergson as "the man who shows the need and benefit of such a union—who makes it clear that the two ought never to have quarreled"—hence he is regarded as "the philosophical hero of the hour." Says Dr. Tudor Jones:

"How do we find things to-day? The idealist comes forward with his categories and totalities, his wholes and his absolute. The ordinary man feels that these things are far removed from human life and its needs. The realist offers us things instead of thoughts. But these fail to satisfy, for the deepest within us testifies that we must get both thoughts and things. The pragmatist offers us small doses of this combination, but we feel here again that we require more food than pragmatism offers."

Professor Bergson belongs to no school. "His philosophy consists in seeing some amount of truth, but not the whole truth, in each philosophical system." Dr. Tudor Jones proceeds in his exposition:

"He is aware of the aspect of truth there is to be found in the various forms of idealism. He insists that the deepest thing in man can not be seen on the surface of life. He insists that empiricism can teach us infinitely more than we have imagined if we rid ourselves of certain concepts and habits found in science. And he insists that the pragmatists are right in so far as philosophy does actually bear fruit on the soil of time.

"Bergson shows how philosophy has gone astray on the whole ever since the time of Plato. It has gone astray through attempting to turn everything into ideas. Ideas became the only real things, and matter as it manifests itself was looked upon as, at the best, a very poor copy of ideas. Thus the very creative process which is at work in the world in all the forms of life was ignored. The largest idea was the reality. No one knew where it existed or what it meant. It was an object of contemplation. And it could not be contemplated with open eyes. The world had to disappear because it prevented men from seeing the real. The world and its phenomena were mere shadows. Bergson does not deny the value of all this on life. But he shows that it means exchanging an actual reality for an imaginary one. And here he returns to the world. Everything can not be found here, but enough can be found under our very feet to make us realize that we had never seen the world before as it should be seen. Bergson shows us that the mechanical theory of life does not hold good to-day. In his 'Creative Evolution' this subject is treated with wonderful clearness. There is no explanation of the phenomena of life and their myriad manifestations from a mere chemical point of view. The wonderful transformations of living things, the marvelous manipulations found everywhere, the divergent forms which life has taken, the conquest over matter in so many forms, the facts of regeneration in animal life—these and other facts prove the presence of a supermaterialistic

element in life. Something psychical is here as the vital element which molds matter to its own use. This psychical element has to use matter. The matter it manipulates is often turned to wonderful uses; sometimes matter partially fails to respond to the demands of the vital element.

"Now, where does this conclusion of Bergson lead us? Is there an element here which may be of service to religion? The conclusion seems to me to become the basis of a view which may prove most helpful to us. If it does not prove that God, in the sense we conceive of him in the deepest moments of life, is to be found in Nature, yet something besides matter—something higher—is to be found. Life is to be found here—psychical in its nature—wearing its myriad forms without ceasing for a single instant. Bergson would have us conceive of the world and of ourselves in this manner as a constant Becoming. Who is to say where this Becoming—this Creation—is going to end? No one. But the great thing for man is to place himself in this current of Becoming—to try and realize, by turning into himself, that an ever-present creation is going on within his own consciousness. He will then see that life is not merely a thing of hope and tarrying—a mere waiting for some terminus to be reached. The essence of life is in the process. Every moment brings forth something new which was never before in existence. We shall reach the goal none the less surely by paying attention to the deepest meaning of the moment. Probably it was something of this nature which Jesus had in mind when he taught that Eternal Life was not something that awaited man in the distant future. It is, according to him, a reality and an experience which can happen here and now. Professor Bergson does not go so far as this, but we have to bear in mind that his constructive work is not yet written. He is preparing the ground for a harvest of such a nature as I have been trying to indicate. Without a doubt, when man becomes conscious that something of the very heart of reality is taking place within his own soul every moment of his life, life is bound to wear a very different aspect."

Summing up the points wherein Bergson's system presents itself for statement, the writer sees a warrant for such conclusions as the following:

"Creation is ever proceeding. It takes place wherever there is life.

"It brings something new into existence each time. Nothing that happens has ever happened before in precisely the same way. Everything is a Becoming.

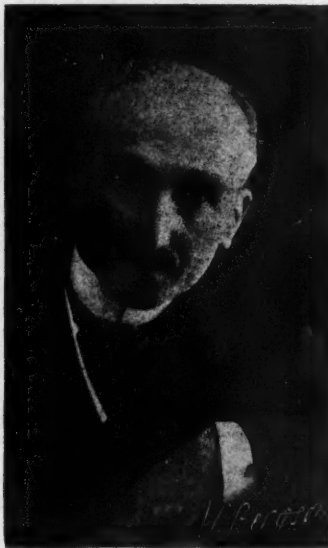
"Wherever there is life there is an element at work different in its nature from any mechanical element. Matter is the servant of this element of life. Life has used it and weaved it into divers forms. The superiority of life over matter is sufficiently established by the new Biology.

"In the evolutionary process one goal has been reached in instinct. This is in the animal world. Another goal has been reached in intellect. Man is the possessor of this.

"The animal has missed something in his development. Instinct is not everything. Man has missed something of importance when he had to evolve at the expense of his instincts.

"A union of intellect and intuition is possible. This enables man to enter into the very movement of things. Instead of waiting for a taste of the deepest life he is able to obtain it here and now. The result of this will be a new kind of being, with a new kind of experience and with a consciousness of reality from which he can never escape. The world will become new; man will know something of the secret of perennial youth; and now has an essence in his soul which may survive the shock of death."

The works of Professor Bergson that are obtainable in English translations are "Time and Free Will," "Matter and Memory," and "Creative Evolution." Several articles which Dr. Jones regards of great importance have appeared in French philosophical journals, such as, "Le Rire, Essai sur la signification de Comique"; "L'Effort intellectuel"; "Introduction à la Métaphysique."



THE FRENCH PHILOSOPHER

Henri Bergson, who makes it clear that science and philosophy should never have quarreled in years past.

A COMMON RELIGION THE ONLY TRUE RACIAL BOND

THERE CAN BE no equality of races, altho the lower races improve and rise upward on contact with the white peoples. The recent Universal Races Congress, which he attended, suggests this reflection to Sir Harry Hamilton Johnston, Vice-President of the Royal Anthropological Institute, and he enlarges upon it in *The Contemporary Review* (London). At the Congress referred to, he must have listened with impatience to the boastful utterances of many a "conceited recruit from a backward, or one time helot nation," to quote his own phrase. He says that the world and the nations "are, after all, governed by natural forces." He points to the parable of the talents to show that races are variously endowed, and he says the facts of life and natural law "are not sentimental, but severely practical." Therefore, "in all our speculations and our framing of policies toward alien peoples, we must eschew sentimentality." He is, however, of opinion that while so different in antecedents, in environment, in hereditary gifts, all races may meet on one common ground of religion; for "this commonsense outlook does not exclude Christianity." He therefore suggests that the essential features and teachings of Christianity should be so presented that they would be universally adopted as the rule and standard of life. To quote his words:

"If only . . . we could agree upon a common interracial religion, and that the most simple, undogmatic form of Christianity—Christianity without the creeds that were unknown to Christ! The Christian principles that were laid down in the authentic gospels and epistles still remain unsurpassed as a rule of conduct, as a basis of practical ethics. They are unconnected with totemism, sabbaths, fetish-worship, mysticism, vexatious observances, litanies, and the disputable adjuncts of a religion. If we could agree to define and adopt such a basis and make it the state religion of every country, with leave to each person and community to add, on their own account, the elaborations of ritual necessary to some individualities, we should have gone far to establish a brotherhood of man, a brotherhood which need not mean necessarily a mingling of blood, but a common sympathy and interest in the development of humanity. Applying Christian principles, the white man would treat the other races of mankind with kindness and justice, without scorn or harsh impatience; and they, on their part, would cooperate with him in the tremendous struggle with the blind and heartless forces of nature which ever and again seem to threaten man's very existence."

He thinks that the setting forth of such a religious foundation for interracial union would be the proper work for such a meeting of the delegates from fifty branches of the human family as that which recently met in London.

This he holds to be the true solution of the problem of race differences, race aversion, racial division, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness. As he says:

"What animosities and conflicts would cease if all the world were nominally and basally Christian! Of all the other faiths and rules of conduct that have ever been placed before the world, from Greek philosophy and Egyptian theology to the Babism or Bahaism and Prometheanism of to-day, it may be said that what there is that is true and of practical good is to be found in the simplest exposition of Christ's teaching, and what is foreign to that is not worth listening to or preserving. Thus would ethics be provided for—in the inculcation of Christian principles. But that is not all. To be kind, just, and pure-minded in our dealings with one another is not enough. We have still to fight the devil of reactionary nature if our species is to be preserved."

He concludes as follows, in citing as an example the most advanced nation of the Far East:

"Japan would make a tremendous step forward in the comity of nations if to-morrow she declared her state religion to be undogmatic Christianity. The only hope for the continued survival of the Turkish dynasty and empire is for it to have no

state religion at present, so that Christianity and Judaism may be placed on at least an equal footing with Islam, so that mass may once more be sung at St. Sophia's, and Jerusalem be restored to the Jews as a religious center, while Christians would be allowed to visit Mecca as freely as Mohammedans are permitted to enter St. Peter's, St. Paul's, St. Mungo's of Glasgow, or St. Sofia's Church at Kiev."

THE NEGLECTED BIBLE

MAYOR GAYNOR, whose reputation as a critic of books and plays is daily enlarging, has also added to himself another title to fame. The newspapers inform us that in 1897 he went to the Public Library of Great Barrington, Mass., to verify a quotation from the Bible. To his surprise, he found no copy of the Bible there and he afterward presented the library with one bearing this inscription: "I have found a great many libraries which lacked a great many books, but never before have I found one like this, which lacked the Great Book." Four years later he called again at the Great Barrington library, and found, so the report goes, that no one had ever made use of his gift. Of course, Great Barrington's homes may be well supplied with Bibles; but the Catholic journal *America* (New York) sees this community on hand-shaking terms with Ann Arbor, Michigan, where seventy-eight students were recently subjected to a Biblical examination, with these results:

"The test was not made offhand, but nearly an hour was allowed to write down the answers. The results were startling. One volunteered the valuable information that the Old Testament was written B.C., the other was not; another affirmed that 'the Old Testament represented Hebrew fable,' while 'the New dealt with historical characters.' Another, again, that 'the Old was composed largely of stories and proverbs, which are not any longer believed to have actually happened.' 'By the Law,' said one wise youth, 'is meant the laws given by Christ to his disciples, while the gospel simply means the Scriptures as taught to the people.' We can only quote a few of the hundreds of other ridiculous replies. 'The gospels,' for instance, 'were the letters which St. Paul wrote to the Churches.' 'The temple of Solomon was in Babylon.' 'Sinai was the place of the landing of the Ark, or the mount from which Christ spoke.' 'Nazarene was the Mother of Christ; Nazareth was his Father.' 'Levi was a name applied to Jews who were small in stature compared with Leviathan, which meant large.' 'Levi was a Jewish male; Leviathan a woman.' 'The Isle of Patmos was the place where the children of Israel were fed in the wilderness.' "'Thou art the man' are words said by Judas to Christ, or by a prophet in his chariot teaching Christianity to the man at his side.' "'Before the cock crow thou shalt deny me thrice,' was said by Christ to one of the thieves hanging beside him in the crucifixion.' 'Abraham was called by God to preach the gospel.' 'Jacob's ladder was a vision that Jacob had one night when he slept outdoors near a mountain which looked like a pair of stairs.' 'The mess of pottage referred to the Lord's Supper.' 'Aaron's rod brought the manna and doves to the ground when the tribes of Israel were without food.' "'The thirty pieces of silver' were one of the parables,' etc., etc., etc."

Such a state of ignorance may be accounted for in various ways. That which *America* sees as the explanation is this:

"The Reformers of the sixteenth century were deadly enemies of the Bible, tho they profest to base their whole religion on it. Insisting on every one reading it and guaranteeing that the most ignorant could fathom its profoundest mysteries, they robbed it of all its objective value, for each individual, no matter how incompetent, was permitted to read into it his own sense, thereby leaving it no sense at all. Men who said they were scholars began to pick its text to pieces, discredited its assertions, cast doubt on its authorship, and refused to admit in it anything like inspiration. The result is that in spite of the millions of money used by the Bible Societies to multiply its editions and scatter them over the face of the earth, not only the old love and veneration for the Sacred Book have disappeared, but the grossest ignorance of its contents has succeeded to that almost superstitious eagerness to learn the text by heart, which was so noteworthy only a very short time ago."



A GUIDE TO THE NEW BOOKS



Ainslie, Peter. *My Brother and I. A Brief Manual of the Principles that Make for a Wider Brotherhood with all Mankind.* 16mo, pp. 60. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. 25 cents net.

Allen, Grant. *Grant Allen's Historical Guides—Florence.* Revised by J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank. Illustrated. 16mo, pp. 317. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.35 net.

Bennett, Arnold. *Mental Efficiency.* Pp. 119. New York: George H. Doran.

As the "Human Machine" told us how to understand and discipline the body, so, in the present volume, we learn that the mind may be cultivated and made subservient to the soul. The notes on "Mental Efficiency," as well as the "Other Hints to Men and Women," are written with that indescribable humor with which Arnold Bennett invests the most trivial details of commonplace life. He has a keen insight into the theories and realities of an ordinary daily existence, and always prescribes a remedy after diagnosing a disease.

Every page glows with a brilliant thought, which finds either an echo of approval in the reader's mind or stimulates a spirit of controversy,—in either case it has awakened thought and aroused interest. For example:

"Prepare to live by all means, but for heaven's sake don't forget to live."

"Grief is a form of indulgence, and it ought to be bridled much oftener than it is."

"Narrow-minded people are never kind-hearted."

His notes on marriage, particularly his presentation of the bachelor's point of view, are almost convincing, and the chapters on "Books," "Success," and "Content," are alive with vivid interest.

Benson, Arthur Christopher. *Ruskin. A Study in Personality.* 12mo, pp. 323. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

This is a welcome addition to Ruskin bibliography. It consists of seven lectures delivered in Cambridge University in 1910. In the preface Mr. Benson says he had intended to recast them into a more formal

shape, but finding he would have to re-write the whole book left them as they were. The book gains charm from the easy familiarity characteristic of lectures. The style is graceful and flexible, lending itself readily to the author's purpose, whether he is describing Ruskin's home life, refuting errors in current esthetic philosophy, or attacking with mild irony the complacent British Philistinism which gives a false appreciation to Ruskin's work. Yet with its grace and ease the style has power and vigor, especially when the author's indignation leads him to speak forcibly of what he considers the modern heresy of "Art for Art's sake."

The book is not a biography but, as the subtitle suggests, a study in the interpretation of Ruskin's personality. Mr. Benson's purpose is not to possess the reader with the details of Ruskin's life, but to give him a sympathetic understanding of the man. The complete portrait is neither the master and sage of the later years, nor the unheard prophet of earlier years. Ruskin's faults are exposed frankly and candidly with no attempt at sentimental extenuation. He was exacting, suspicious, irritable, wayward, dogmatic, self-opinionated, and vain; but, as Mr. Benson shows, he was not a poseur, as has been charged. He was too much given to announcing as indisputable truths opinions which were based on an incomplete knowledge of the subject and biased by personal prejudice. However, he set the public to thinking about art and made art serious.

In addition to the analysis of Ruskin's character Mr. Benson traces the development of his style and quotes passages which exemplify its most salient characteristics. He shows how Ruskin advanced from the florid purple patches of the earlier books through clear and lucid exposition in such works as "Sesame and Lilies," and the flexible thinking aloud of "Fors Clavigera." The reader leaves the book with a sympathetic understanding of Ruskin's life and work.

Burnett, Frances Hodgson. *The Secret Garden.* Pp. 375. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1911. \$1.35 net.

The reading public looks forward eagerly to a new book by Mrs. Burnett, and "The Secret Garden" will charm every one from the children to the grown-ups.

It has the allurements of mystery, the fascination of child-life, and the same joyous and sane philosophy of life that made "Glad" lovable and "The Dawn of To-morrow" popular.

When ten-year-old Mary Lennox was brought, an orphan from India, to the estate of her guardian uncle at Misselthwaite Manor, no more disagreeable child could be imagined, but the author has cleverly made her regeneration, as well as her original heritage, the natural result of environment and inherent power. The mystery of the garden which had been closed for ten years, and the part it played in the life of the children—Mary, Dickon, and Colin—(the other mystery) are described with tender imagination, while the reader is kept in suspense to the end about the outcome of the "White Magic"—the power of will in compelling health.

There is more than an analogy between the garden that "comes alive" and the life

and character of Colin and Mary. The reader learns to love sensible Susan Sowerby, Dickon, the animal-charmer, Ben Weatherstaff, and the dear, pert little robin.

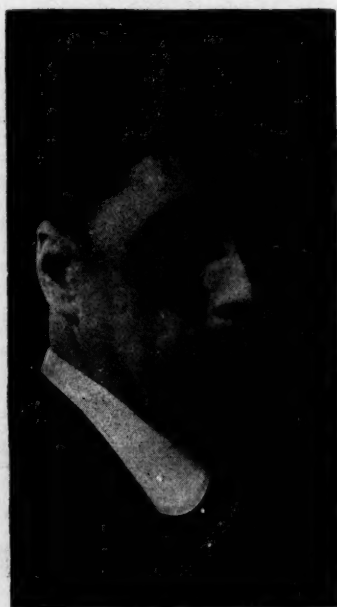
To describe adequately the delights of the story would deprive the reader of the joy and pleasure of first discovery—the sensation of surprise.

Catholic Encyclopedia. The. Quarto. Illustrated. Vol. XI. New York: Robert Appleton Co.

This new volume of "The Catholic Encyclopedia" has followed its predecessor with gratifying promptness. Four or five more instalments, and this important work will stand complete, all its promises well fulfilled. It will prove to be a well-stocked library in itself. It is only to be regretted that the price of the complete publication may be found to be a little beyond the means of many families to whom it would be an inexhaustible mine of information.

The eight hundred pages of this volume (seven hundred and ninety-nine, to be painfully exact) have a range alphabetically from "New Mexico" to "Phil—." There are two hundred and eighty-six contributors. The pictorial embellishment is about the same as in former volumes. There are twenty-four full-page illustrations, three colored plates, and one map (Panama). There are numberless small cuts, whose interest is often more than equal to that of the larger pictures. One of the colored plates is especially successful as a reproduction of an important example of Puvion de Chavannes. It represents two Bishops conversing with the child Genevieve, the patron Saint of Paris. The original painting is in the Panthéon, Paris. The tone and values in this print give a delicacy of color which seems to exceed those in the plate itself. "St. Peter Martyr Enjoining Silence," by Fra Angelico, is also in this volume. The third colored plate, tho of greater archeological interest, has a naive crudity in tone. It is "The Triumph of Fame," the original of which is in a fifteenth-century MS., in the Riccardiana at Florence.

Of the black-and-white plates, two are excellent portraits: those of Saint Paul and Daniel O'Connell. The former is by



ARNOLD BENNETT.
Whose new book, "Mental Efficiency," is reviewed elsewhere.



GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL,
Author of "Trails of the Pathfinders," reviewed elsewhere.

Ribera, and is a beautiful ideal conception of the Apostle of the Gentiles. The expression is one of grave sweetness and dignified calm.

It is appropriate that this volume, which contains Louis Gillet's article on "Painting," should have such worthy reproductions of Catholic art. Both the Puvion and the Ribera are excellent examples of those distinguished artists. In the article itself there is a reproduction of Leon Lhermitte's "Among the Lowly," which belongs to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Christian Art had its first modest expression in the *graffiti* of the Catacombs, which later evoked the greatest masterpieces of art. The writer is duly appreciative of Catholic art and artists, tho at times sounds a somewhat personal note in a rather sweeping statement. For instance, some may regard it as excessive to read that Jean François Millet is "our greatest Christian painter." Millet expresses poignantly the peasant's patient acceptance of poverty and toil, but this is not, necessarily, a very religious or spiritual note. With something of the same enthusiasm the writer declares that "to the angelic soul of Corot, painting was always a prayer."

One of the most interesting articles is William Barry's presentation of the "Oxford Movement," which follows D. O. Hunter-Blair's on "Oxford University." That insurgency against the Established Church of England in her greatest university aroused the activity of some of the most prominent Englishmen. Cardinal Newman was one of the most conspicuous among them, and was also the most glorious recruit which the Catholic Church gained from the movement. Keble, Pusey, Mozley, Gladstone, young Hurrell Froude, J. R. Hope-Scott, to mention only a few of those who were prominent in this strife of ideas and beliefs, showed what superior minds were aroused by the Oxford ferment. One of Newman's early works as a Roman Catholic was to found the Oratory of St. Philip-Neri, in London. One of its most zealous members was another English convert: Father Faber.

In the article on the University of Oxford, Hunter-Blair says the Catholic members of the University, graduate and undergraduate, do not exceed a hundred.

The article on "New York," is naturally of interest, as showing the progress of Catholicity in the great metropolis. The Catholic church "had no foothold on Manhattan Island until 1664, when the Duke of York claimed it as a British colony." Twenty years later, the Catholic governor, Thomas Dongan, "not only practised his own faith, but enacted the first law passed in New York establishing religious liberty." The first mass said on the Island, Oct. 30, 1683, was in a chapel he opened "near where the custom-house now stands." In 1910, New York had 1,219,920 Catholics.

Among the biographies, that of Louis Pasteur, who was not only a great and beneficent explorer in the field of science, but a devout Catholic, is of interest, as well as those of Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish patriot; Pascal, Ozanam, John Boyle O'Reilly, Gen. John Newton, and others. Among the important articles are "Paganism"; "Pantheism," brief, lucid, and convincing, by Dr. Pace, of the Catholic University, who is one of the editors of the

Encyclopedia; "Holy Orders," "Persecutions," and "Penal Laws."

Campbell, T. J. *Pioneer Priests of North America, 1642-1710.* 8vo, pp. 312. New York: The America Press.

The present work is the third volume of a series in which are related the lives and sufferings of those heroic Roman Catholic



CARRIE ADELL STRAHORN.
Whose "Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage" is reviewed elsewhere.

missionaries who first evangelized and founded civilization among the aborigines of the North American continent. Father T. J. Campbell well maintains his reputation as a scholar and stylist in this fascinating and inspiring work. Being himself a Jesuit Father, he fully enters into the enthusiasm of those of his order who lived and worked among the Algonquians, 1642-1710. These Indians, who originally roamed over what is now called Ontario, early became Christianized and lived under French protection from the time of Louis XIV., who did so much for Canada. They owed



WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT.
Author of "The New Art of Flying," reviewed elsewhere

their settled habitations, their villages, and their civilization largely to the efforts of the missionaries, whose self-denying and heroic labors are so vividly depicted by Father Campbell.

Charcot, Dr. Jean. *The Voyage of the "Why Not?" in the Antarctic. The Journal of the Second French South Polar Expedition, 1908-1910.* English Version by Philip Walsh. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. viii. +315. New York: Hodder & Stoughton.

Corner of Harley Street, The. Pp. 271. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1911. \$1.25 net.

Not the least of the charms of this quaint book is its vagueness of authorship. The story is told in the form of letters, written by a successful physician of middle age to his relatives and friends. In this intimate form of expression, he reveals his own personality, his views on almost every subject under the sun—"from trout-fishing to religion," and the rather surprising love story of his daughter "Molly." Occasionally he becomes a trifle wordy and didactic. We might also question the good taste of his abbreviations at the end of his letters, but these are trivial defects and most of the letters abound in quaint humor, loving and sympathetic appreciation of the natural foibles of youth, as well as those of middle age. The style is brilliant. Somewhere the author finds an opportunity for discussing almost every live and burning topic of the day.

Cory, Herbert E. *The Critics of Edmund Spenser.* Berkeley: The University Press

Curtis, William Eleroy. *Turkestan: "The Heart of Asia."* Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 344. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2 net.

Davis, H. W. C. *Medieval Europe.* 12mo, pp. 251. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents net.

Dean, John Marvin. *Rainier of the Last Frontier.* Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 373. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.20 net.

Drummond, May Harvey. *The Story of Quamin—A Tale of the Tropics.* 16mo, pp. 313. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Fenton, Frances. *The Influence of Newspaper Presentations upon the Growth of Crime and Other Anti-Social Activity. A Dissertation submitted to the Faculty of the Graduate School of Arts and Literature in Candidacy for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy.* 12mo, pp. 96. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

Flandrau, Charles Macomb. *Prejudices.* Pp. 265. New York and London: D. Appleton & Company. 1911. \$1.25 net.

It is difficult to characterize this book by Mr. Flandrau. Each of the fourteen chapters, complete in itself, is a reprint of "an extract from my notebook," and each makes the reader long for some congenial soul to enjoy it with him. There are some theories, some bright descriptions of places, people, and things, sometimes criticism, both condemnatory and approving, oftener philosophies evolved from actual experience, but always delightful and scattered in with the bits of fun are, here and there, real words of wisdom, serious contemplation, and incentive to thought. One of the cleverest essays is on "What is Education?" in which he describes experiences common to us all. It is an admirable book—sympathetic, brilliant, humorous, and entertaining.

Galsworthy, John. *The Little Dream—An Allegory in six Scenes.* 12mo, pp. 35. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cents.

Geddes, Patrick, and Thomson, Arthur. *Evolution.* 12mo, pp. 256. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents net.

Goss, Warren Lee. *A Life of Grant for Boys and Girls.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 335. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.50.

Grinnell, George Bird. *Trails of the Pathfinders.* Dec. cloth, 8vo, pp. 360. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

The older men among us can well remember the universal interest with which,
(Continued on page 364)

This Year the Buyer's One Cue Is "Consider"

RAPIDLY changing conditions have made and are still making *this* year a year of readjustment in the automobile industry.

Many changes are taking place. Combinations are forming, new men are supplanting old ones, makers great and small are revising their plans, altering their models, and rearranging their prices to meet changed conditions, and *new things* are numerous.

This situation had to come. Every new industry must undergo reconstruction. The hip-hurrah of the automobile industry is departing, and from now on motor car making and selling will be more of a bona fide *business* than ever before.

Your Benefit Eventually

These changes will eventually benefit car buyers. Racing teams, wasteful practices, water in the stock, and foolish financiering will be cut out, and buyers will get better cars and better values.

But don't look for that eventful result too soon. Reconstruction takes time. Many a maker, with his ear to the ground to catch the newest keyword to success, doesn't know what will happen within the next six months. Makers are hoping for the best and trying their hardest, but they know, from recent experience, that real success is elusive.

All of this means nothing to you, Mr. Buyer, except as it has to do with the next car *you* purchase.

And because of the many changes now taking place, your one safe guide in buying is "Consider." Don't buy blindly.

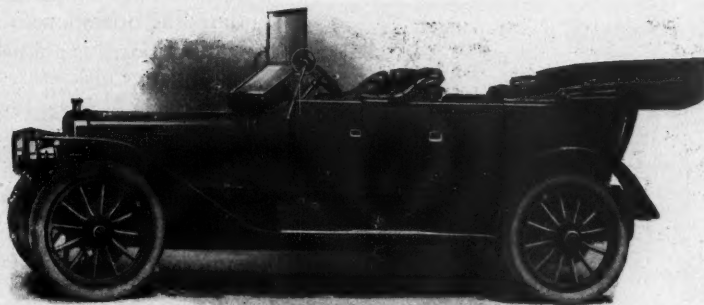
"May Be" vs. Proof

Consider what these changes mean. Know that not all changes are improvements. Some changes may be experiments, and experiments are often expensive and disappointing to buyers. On the contrary, new things *may* be just what you want. But you can never know actually until these new things have been proved; and it is a safe rule to let the other fellow do the proving.

Changes indicate a desire on the maker's part to *do better* than he has done in the past. Therefore, what he did in the past wasn't quite as good as he *hopes* to do. He has *now* a new and *higher* ideal.

The Present Day Ideal

This new and *higher* ideal, among high-grade makers, is the Six-Cylinder car. And for this ideal they are to be commended be-



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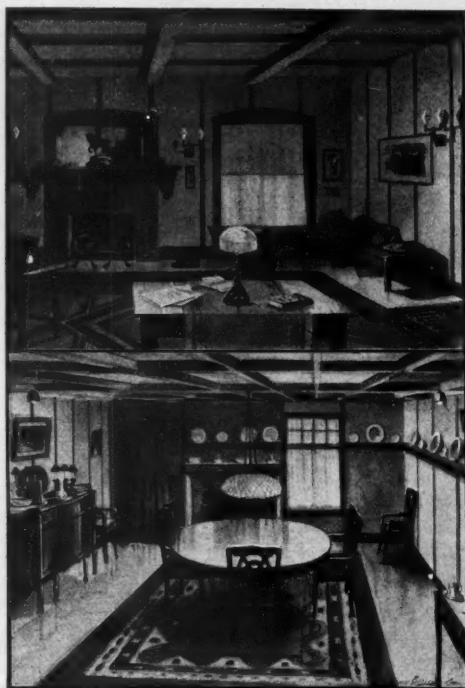
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A GUIDE TO THE NEW BOOKS

(Continued from page 362)

half a century ago, the accounts of Fremont's journeyings, the explorations of the surveyors sent by the Government to search out transcontinental railway routes, and the explorations of the new territory along the Pacific Coast were followed as they were published. Yet easy and tame were these frontier travels compared with those of the early men who first pushed our knowledge of the West from the St. Lawrence to the Lakes, from the Lakes to the Frazer and the Peace, or, farther south, traced the floods of the Missouri, the Platte, and the Arkansas, and, crossing beyond mountains where they rose, found the vast currents of the Columbia, the Snake, and the Colorado, to lead these adventurers to the Pacific. No better reading in American history and adventure can be found than the narratives of such men as Nicollet, the two Henrys, John Carver, Alexander Mackenzie (the first man to go overland from ocean to ocean, north of Mexico), Lewis and Clark, Pike (whose monument is Pike's Peak), and the men who, in the South, laid out the Santa Fe trail, and in the North opened Oregon and the fur-country to our knowledge. Many of these books, however, are rare and costly, and Mr. Grinnell has, therefore, performed a real service in sketching here, in his very readable and highly intelligent way, the contents of their pages. The book should be an especially useful addition to school libraries. There is much in it about Indian life; and an excellent index makes it useful as a book of reference for early western history and biography.

Kaempfert, Waldemar. The New Art of Flying. Decorated cloth, 12mo, pp. 290. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The author, in addition to his high scientific knowledge, has had the advantage of journalistic experience, and has, therefore, produced a book which is comprehensible and readable to the average person of intelligence. He not only describes the various types of machines that have become successful in this country and in Europe, but explains them, with the aid of a great number of illustrations, so that their differences and the varying methods by which they reach the desired end of manageability in the air, are made plain to the mind. More interesting to the general reader than this exposition of the mechanics of the several kinds of biplanes and monoplanes, however, is the account of the problems they must meet, the difficulties to be overcome, and the startling variety of circumstances that interfere with the stability, progress, and comfort of the airman when once he is aloft or a-wing, if one likes the latter term better. Hence the long chapter entitled "The New Science of the Air" is especially novel and entertaining. The study of the upper air has gone on rapidly of late, and even more rapidly that of the low, warm stratum in which we live, and to which machine-flying is restricted, for at the height of a few thousand feet motors will not work. "This is the region of whimsical winds, of cyclones and anticyclones, of cool descending currents and warm ascending currents." It is amid such a turmoil, more complicated near the ground

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than even a few hundreds of feet above it, the aeroplanist must make his way; and perhaps no experience in the world is more nerve-racking than his, as he essays to keep his balance in the swirl. To the usefulness of the flying-machine in war, a chapter is given, and another to the future of the art—a future in which the author does not see many commercial possibilities, but a vast deal of glorious sport for rich adventurers, both as pilots and passengers.

Kildare. Owen and Leita. *Such a Woman.* Pp. 316. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company. 1911. \$1.35.

Owen Kildare's own life was unusually romantic and, because of that and his untimely death, there has been much interest in this, his literary child. "Such a Woman" is not such a book as "My Mamie Rose," but, as he said himself: "More truth than fancy is in the following. It has been written as I know. If any apologies are to be made, they must be made for my shortcomings in telling the story, but not in the story. That has to stand."

It is a story to touch the heart more than the mind. It lacks the action and literary merit of the former story, but it has the ring of sincerity and the power of all purposeful writing. You feel from the first that the facts are unexaggerated and without the softening touches of romance or poetry. Strong light is thrown on ordinary jail conditions, the indifference of the habitual criminal, and the lack of sincerity in the slum crusaders, but no one vital thought is carried to a logical conclusion, altho the denouement of the romance is what is known to the public as "happy."

Kimball. Everett. *The Public Life of Joseph Dudley. A Study of The Colonial Policy of the Stuarts in New England.* 1660-1715. 8vo, pp. 239. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2 net.

Kingsley. Charles. *Westward Ho! or, The Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amias Leigh, Knight, or Burrough, in the County of Devon, in the Reign of Her Most Glorious Majesty, Queen Elizabeth.* Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 696. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.

Kingsley. Florence Morse. *The Return of Caroline.* Pp. 65. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1911. 40 cents.

The danger of missing the really true and vital things in life by too much contemplation of superficial and merely surface refinements is here illustrated by one of Mrs. Kingsley's characteristic short stories. Caroline Tate, while away at school, has become slightly blind to the real proportions of her home-life and friends. She is inclined to discard the devoted lover of her childhood, just because he meets her at the station with clothes and hat distinctly of last year's pattern. The shock of her mother's sudden and dangerous illness brings her to a realization of her mistake. Her innate goodness of heart makes her meet Nathan Beale's offer of help with gratitude and remorse, and the whole situation takes on a more hopeful prospect for a satisfactory conclusion.

Solenberger. Alice Willard. *One Thousand Homeless Men. A Study of Original Records.* Cloth, 12mo, pp. 398. Charities Publishing Co. \$1.25.

This is a first-hand study of tramps—the characteristics and motives of that great body of vagrant men and boys who wander about, preying as pilferers and beggars, and breeding criminals from end to end of the country. No point is so infested with these parasites as Chicago, and particularly that quarter of the city covered by the Central District of the



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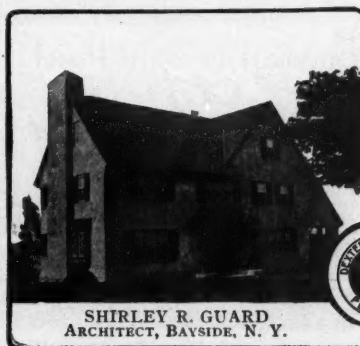
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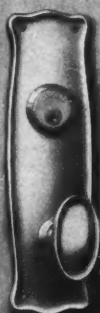
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Chicago Bureau of Charities. Here it was as a charity official that Mrs. Solenberger gathered the facts which make this book a storehouse of information on the subject, and which must become of enormous assistance in future treatment, legislative and otherwise, of the problem. Apart from the practical usefulness of the information, however, and beyond its scientific interest to the sociologist, the book is well worth reading for its studies of queer and even picturesque characters, for not all tramps are dirty loafers or desperate criminals. The book is one of the products of the Sage Foundation.

Strahorn, Carrie Adell. Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage. 8vo, pp. 673. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$4 net.

It is high time that the life and scenery of the West in the early nineteenth century, which is made known to us principally by romance writers who belong, more or less strictly, to the school of Bret Harte, should be fixed in literature by the traveler and artist. The phase of civilization which is represented by the primitive cowboy has now passed or is passing away. It is unique in the history of society and is characterized by a mixture of heroism, chivalry, barbarism, licentiousness, a lawless justice, and a picturesque abandon which can never be revived.

Mrs. Carrie Adell Strahorn has taken advantage of her husband's professional labors in the far West to sketch with her facile pen the scenes, the perils, the hardships, which the pathfinder must endure and which she herself has, to a large degree, experienced. She has produced a brilliant and interesting volume in which the romance writers who choose such regions for the scenery of their plot will find ample material for their work. The illustrations are profuse and excellent.

Stratton-Porter, Gene. The Harvester. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 564. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.35 net.

Stevenson, Robert Louis. Lay Morals and Other Papers. 16mo, pp. 316. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Stockley, Cynthia. The Claw. Frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 449. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.

Swanton, John R. Indian Tribes of the Lower Mississippi Valley and Adjacent Coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Smithsonian Institution. Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 43. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 387. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Taylor, Frederick Winslow. Shop Management. 8vo, pp. 207. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.50 net.

Thomas, Augustus. As a Man Thinks—A Play in Four Acts. 12mo, pp. 213. New York: Duffield & Co. \$1.25 net.

When John Mason first produced this play by Augustus Thomas, all the critics agreed that the stage had much to be thankful for—both in author and actor. Repeated performances only deepened the original satisfaction and appreciation. Judged from a literary standpoint, there is good material in the plot and food for thought and careful consideration in the subject matter. Doctor Seelig is a wonderful character and easily dominates every scene of the drama. A good Jew, tho unorthodox, he commands the respect of every class and profession by the compelling force of his manhood. The main theme is the unequal moral standard by which man and woman are judged in the world. The home-life of the Claytons furnishes a powerful illustration. There is no evasion of conditions existing, no attempt to ex-

plain, but Doctor Seelig makes very plain to Elinor Clayton the unique position of a real woman.

"Men work for children because they believe the children are—their own—believe. Every mother knows she is the mother of her son or daughter. Let her be however wicked, no power on earth can shake that knowledge. Every father believes he is a father, only by his faith in the woman. There is a double standard of morality because, upon the golden basis of woman's virtue, rests the welfare of the world."

The last act brings out the thought of work as a remedy for an empty mind. "As a man thinketh—," says the good Doctor in his talk with Frank Clayton,—"Keep the wrinkles out of your mind as well as out of your clothes." It is a strong play and an admirable book. A good thought is well developed and powerfully illustrated.

Tolstoi, Lyof N. Resurrection. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 475. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.

Trevor, Roy. My Balkan Tour. An Account of some Journeys and Adventures in the Near East Together with a Descriptive and Historical Account of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, and the Kingdom of Montenegro.

Vall, Henry H. A History of the McGuffey Readers. The Bookish Books—IV., New Edition. With three Portraits. 16mo, pp. 72. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co.

Van Sickle, James H., and Seegmiller, Wilhelm. Assisted by Frances Jenkins. Primer. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 128. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 30 cents.

Wagner, Richard. My Life. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 911. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$8.50 net.

This somewhat ponderous autobiography, translated from the German, is practically a history of German musical drama in the nineteenth century. Yet it is interesting also as all such autobiographies are interesting. It gives us a description of the boyhood, the aspirations, the failures, and the successes of a man whose genius may be said to have been literally colossal. As it was dictated to his wife we find it something of a confidential narrative like the Confession of Augustine, Rousseau's Confession, the Apologia of Newman, and the Letters of Cicero. Wagner's ambition was gigantic and it is gratifying to see that it was amply fulfilled. He presented the ancient mythology of his race in dramas which a highly emotional and artistic people at first saw and heard with unintelligent surprise and at last recognized in their true splendor and sublimity. It is not too much to say that he revived in the mind of Germany a patriotic love and admiration for the character and incidents of the Nibelungen Lied. Yet his early life was a series of failures, and in the autobiography before us he relates how at the age of fourteen he wrote a tragedy and his experience was like that of Balzac. This play was read by him to a circle of his relations and he thus describes it:

"The manuscript of this drama has unfortunately been lost, but I can see it plainly in my mind's eye. The handwriting was most affected and the tall backward-sloping letters with which I had aimed at giving it an air of distinction had already been compared by one of my teachers to Persian hieroglyphics. In this composition I had constructed a drama in which I had drawn largely upon Shakespeare's Hamlet, King Lear, and Macbeth, and Goethe's Götz von Berlichingen.

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The boldness of my grandiloquent and bombastic expressions roused my uncle Adolph's alarm and astonishment."

Wagner felt, however, that it would sound well if set to music and this consoled him "even after everybody had deafened me," he declares, "with their laments over my lost time and perverted talents."

The child's the father of the man, and this experience was repeated when he gave his *Fliegende Holländer* in Berlin and on reading the criticisms in the next morning's papers, exclaims: "A terrible spasm cut my heart as I realized the contemptuous tone and unparalleled shamelessness of their raging ignorance regarding my own name and work."

He was amply recompensed for all this when the "Tannhäuser" was greeted with thunders of applause in the Royal Opera House at Dresden, and Mendelssohn, who had once played one of the Wagner overtures in public "just as a warning and example to musicians," came forward and cried enthusiastically, "I hope you are satisfied now." Louis II. of Bavaria built for him the theater of Bayreuth, and his last and crowning work, "Parsifal," is admittedly the best embodiment of his theory that the drama is only complete when it embodies the three sister arts: poetry, music, and acting.

There is not a dull page in this work, which reveals the heart and experience of a great musician, defying the theories of his most distinguished contemporaries, and at one time despised and misunderstood by Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer. The sufferings of his life are amply dwelt upon, and his revolutionary alliance with Bakunin, leading to his temporary exile, forms an interesting chapter. Richard Wagner's "Life" or Autobiography ends with what was actually only the commencement of his permanent triumphs and he does not mention America, where his music has been so highly appreciated. His last chapter is headed "the Message from the King," in which he says that the King's Secretary called upon him.

"He was charged with a note for me from the young King of Bavaria, together with his portrait and a ring as a present. In words which, tho few, penetrated to the very core of my being, the youthful monarch confest his partiality for my work, and announced his firm resolve to keep me near him as his friend so that I might escape any malignant strokes of fate."


At that very time Meyerbeer died. This musician had written bitterly against the Wagnerian opera and Wagner says that his friend Weisheimer, on hearing the news, "burst out in boorish laughter to think that the master of opera, who had done me so much harm, had not, by a strange coincidence, outlived to see this day." This was in 1864 when his career at Bayreuth began. He died in 1883.

The style of the translation is not entirely free from un-English Germanisms. The index is very inaccurate and should be revised.

Ward, Gilbert O. The Practical Use of Books and Libraries. An Elementary Manual. 12mo, pp. 81. Boston: Boston Book Co. \$1 net.

Ward, Mrs. Wilfrid. The Job Secretary—An Impression. 12mo, pp. 275. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.20 net.

Whitehead, A. N. An Introduction to Mathematics. 12mo, pp. 256. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents net.



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

A MAN WHO WAS WOUNDED WITH LINCOLN

ONE of the saddest happenings in many a day was the death, in an insane asylum, last week of Henry Reed Rathbone. Rathbone was born in Albany, N. Y., on July 1, 1837. He was appointed a major of United States Volunteers on November 29, 1862, and served with distinction throughout the Civil War. For all that, he might have died in as obscure a corner as any other veteran of that war, writes the *New York Evening Post*, but for one unhappy mischance. Major Rathbone was wounded by John Wilkes Booth, on the lamentable evening of April 14, 1865, while attempting to save President Lincoln from assassination. We read:

At the time of the shooting of Lincoln, the major was in the party in the Presidential box. He was the fourth member of a group of which the President, Mrs. Lincoln, and Miss Harris, daughter of Senator Ira Harris, were the other three. He and the young girl were asked to fill the place which General and Mrs. Grant were to have taken. Rathbone and Miss Harris were betrothed, and after the tragic event of that night, in which the major acquitted himself manfully and well, they were married. Later he was appointed consul to Hanover, and there he killed his wife. But it was shown that he had gone insane before the killing and was committed to the asylum in which he recently died.

Rathbone's description of what he did immediately after Lincoln's assassination is, we are informed, as follows:

On reaching the outer door of the passage way I found it barred by a heavy piece of plank, one end of which was secured in the wall, and the other resting against the door. It had been so securely fastened that it required considerable force to remove it. Persons outside were beating against the door for the purpose of entering. I removed the bar and the door was opened. Several persons who represented themselves as surgeons were allowed to enter. I saw there Colonel Crawford, and requested him to prevent other persons from entering the box."

And this is all! Only a few terse words and no mention whatever of the heroic part played by Rathbone himself. Nicolay and Hay, in their *Life of Lincoln*, have, however, this much to say:

The murderer seemed to himself to be taking part in a play. Partizan hate and the fumes of brandy had for weeks kept his brain in a morbid state. He felt as if he were playing *Brutus* off the boards; he posed, expecting applause. Holding a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other, he opened the box door, put the pistol to the President's head, and fired; dropping the weapon, he took the knife in his right hand, and when Major Rathbone sprang to seize him, he struck savagely at him.

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Major Rathbone received the blow on his left arm, suffering a wide, deep wound.

Booth, rushing forward, then placed his left hand on the railing of the box and vaulted lightly over to the stage. It was a high leap, but nothing to such a trained athlete. He was in the habit of introducing what actors call sensational leaps in his plays. In "Macbeth," where he met the weird sisters, he leapt from a rock twelve feet high. He would have got safely away but for his spur catching in the folds of the Union flag with which the front of the box was draped.

He fell on the stage, the torn flag trailing on his spur, but instantly rose as if he had received no hurt, tho, in fact, the fall had broken his leg; he turned to the audience, brandishing his dripping knife, and shouting the State motto of Virginia, "Sic Semper Tyrannis," fled rapidly across the stage and out of sight. Major Rathbone had shouted, "Stop him!" The cry went out, "He has shot the President."

From the audience, at first stupid with surprise, and afterward wild with excitement and horror, two or three men jumped upon the stage in pursuit of the flying assassin; but he ran through the familiar passages, leapt upon his horse, which was in waiting in the alley behind, rewarded with a kick and a curse the callboy who had held him, and rode rapidly away in the light of the just risen moon.

The President scarcely moved; his head dropt forward slightly, his eyes closed. Major Rathbone, at first not regarding his own grievous hurt, rushed to the door of the box to summon aid. He found it barred, and on the outside some one was beating and clamoring for entrance. He opened the door; a young officer named Crawford entered; one or two army surgeons soon followed, who hastily examined the wound. It was at once seen to be mortal. It was afterward ascertained that a large derringer bullet had entered the back of the head on the left side, and, passing through the brain, had lodged just behind the left eye.

By direction of Rathbone and Crawford, the President was carried to a house across the street and laid upon a bed in a small room at the rear of the hall, on the ground floor. Mrs. Lincoln followed, half-distracted, tenderly cared for by Miss Harris. Rathbone, exhausted by loss of blood, fainted and was carried home.

The play in progress was "Our American Cousin," out of which "Dundreary" was later developed, and as Booth rushed across the stage Laura Kean, garbed in white, was playing her part. The assassin brushed against her as he ran and stained her dress with the blood with which he was covered. She wore this dress on many occasions afterward, proudly exhibiting what she believed to be the blood of the martyred President. As a matter of fact, it was that of Major Rathbone, whose wound bled freely, while that of Lincoln had internal hemorrhages only.

Major Rathbone's death ends the list of tragedies connected with President Lincoln's theater party. Another who was destined to die in an insane asylum was Sergeant Boston Corbett, the man who shot Booth against orders as the murderer attempted to leave the burning barn in which he had been corralled.



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"A GREATER BALL-PLAYER THAN WAGNER"

HUGH S. FULLERTON, famous for his baseball storiettes, has been running a series of articles entitled "The Greatest Play I Ever Saw." Each day a new play is told and each day a new player is the teller. Wagner, Cobb, Lajoie, and the rest all figure in these sensational affairs, which are printed in a great many papers and twinkle merrily with baseball hits and "heroisms." But here is one wholly different from the rest, which we gleaned from the *Dallas News*. It is told by Kirby White of the Pittsburg "Pirates." He says:

There was a fellow named McClure, who never has been heard of in the major leagues, or the minors either, for that matter, who made the greatest play I ever saw.

I have watched Clarke and Leach and Wagner and Miller and all the great players around the circuit play, but I don't think any one of them could have thought quickly enough or worked quickly enough to pull off the play McClure did. The play he made required a lot of fast work.

The game was played at Leesburg, Ohio, in a game against Highland, and I happened to be pitching for Leesburg, altho my own team was at Hillsboro. Leesburg and Highland are only a short distance apart and there is great rivalry between the teams. In fact, every time I was employed to pitch over in that district, it

looked a two-to-one bet the game would end in a fight. We played on a partially inclosed pasture field with a small stand, and the hat usually was passed to collect the admission price.

I believe each team had won two games that season and they were to play off for the championship of Lees Creek Township. Now right on the left field foul-line there was a small barn. The foul-line cut ten feet from the corner of the barn and McClure was the left fielder. We came down to the ninth inning with the score tied and the crowd going crazy, and then Leesburg scored a run, making the count 4 to 3, and we seemed to have it won. I was going along easily, and with two out thought the game was about over and handed up a soft one that the Highland batter slammed to center for a single. That waked me up and I started to pitch just as hard as I could. You know if a fellow loafs for a minute or two in a ball game and gets himself into trouble, the chances are, when he tries to pull out he'll only make the matter worse. Well, I put everything I had on a curve ball and sent it crackling around the plate, and one of those big Highland County farmers hit that ball over third base so fast the dust was all I could see. The ball, hit fair, swung onto foul ground and went into the door of that little barn ten feet from the foul line. McClure was chasing it as hard as he could. The ball went into the door with McClure ten feet behind it, and he dived after it as hard as he could. It looked as if he would get the ball out of the barn and hold the runners at second and third, but as he disappeared a bunch of Highland fans who were sitting

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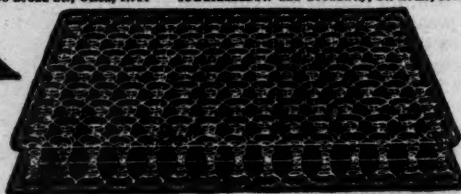
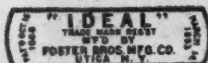
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near by ran over, shut the door and bolted it. That made it look like a home run. The runners, seeing what had happened, slowed up and began to trot around the bases, thinking it was a home run and that the game was over. They didn't know McClure. When the first runner was turning third McClure ran to the window in the barn loft and shot the ball at the plate, catching the runner by twenty feet and retiring the side. He had climbed the ladder and chased to the window to make the throw. And then they had the nerve to protest the game and start a fight, claiming the play wasn't covered in the rules. It took me twenty minutes to lick the biggest guy in their crowd, but we took the ball home, which proved we won the game.

A "RUN" ON A POSTAL BANK

A "RUN" on a bank need not necessarily prove injurious, as Uncle Sam's latest experiment has shown. The official opening of the first postal bank in Chicago brought no less than 301 persons to the teller's window, each "armed" with a goodly load of hoarded gold; and that "run," says Stanley Osborn in the *Chicago Tribune*, "is doing its own share of good in the world, and is still very much in evidence to-day. For the people like Uncle Sam and are willing to put their money in his trust." Fat people, lean people, long people, and short people anxiously awaited their turn on that auspicious opening in Chicago, and many an odd character was to be seen.

A wrinkled, wearied old soul, supported by his daughter and a cane, stood at the head of the line. After a year's prayerful expectation, their time had come:

"Have you got it safe?" he asked the daughter anxiously, with a tinge of fear in his voice, as if he half expected her answer would be "No." She raised a handbag to the table reassuringly—it clinked as she put it down.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars," he said, with an effort; "all in gold and bills. It's all I have now—I've been a-bed two weeks, but I—I wanted to get it in safe to-day."

The clerk shifted uneasily. He was a kind man and he disliked to explain that the regulations allowed a deposit of only \$100 a month and \$500 in all. When he had finally made this clear the old man, his knotted fingers grasping the table edge, stood looking helplessly at the daughter.

"He says they won't take it, father," she repeated; "they can't take but a hundred dollars."

The sick man appealed to the clerk. "It's all I have," he pleaded. "I—I'm sick—I won't last long. I wanted it safe here; I can't look after it any more. I've waited nigh on a year to put it in—and now you won't take it. It's not only me, but what would become of Mary here if anything should happen to that money? Can't you fix somehow to take it in?"

But the clerk was obdurate, the line moved on, and a dark, "doubly dark" fluffily drest individual puffed her way to the front.

"Is this where you put the money in?" she asked.

The clerk dipped a pen in ink. "What's your name?" he inquired.

"Did you want my full name? Now I'm married, you know, it's Chase, Mrs. Louisa Emma Chase. Before I was married—you'd never believe, would you, I've been married six years and have two big babies. Before I was married—"

The clerk interrupted wearily. He had been on his feet without lunch for seven hours. He put the pen into the woman's fingers. "Sign your name here," he said as he indicated a line on the deposit envelop.

The woman simpered. "I never was much of a good writer. Do I have to sign it myself?"

"Yes, Mrs. Chase."

"Did you say on this line?"

"Yes."

"Shall I write my maiden name?"

"Yes, write your first name in full."

The clerk turned to hand a blank to the next applicant in line, then glanced over the woman's shoulder.

"Why, you haven't written 'Chase,'" he complained. "You've written 'Wynn!'"

"Didn't you want me to write my maiden name? Goodness me, I thought—I thought you wanted me to write my first name—my name, I mean, before I married. I was a Wynn, one of the Ohio Wynns—"

"Write your married name," said the clerk, briefly, almost bluntly, and not far from brusquely.

The woman wrote and handed over the new envelop. The clerk smiled the weak smile of fatigue. "We haven't got it yet," he announced. "You've written it now on the wrong line."

As the woman moved away at last she pronounced this in benediction:

"I just think this postal bank is a grand, good thing. I never had any confidence in them millionaires' banks. My Uncle George, he lost money in 'em, he did—\$176. I've heard him tell it a hundred times, I guess. But this kind of a bank, it's a grand, good thing, I say."

A poor, pleasant-faced little woman led a blind man to the front:

"Here, father, here's the pen," she said as she inserted that article between his digits. Then she added to the official: "You needn't think father can't write his name. I give him a start and he just writes fine. See there, now; what did I tell you? Isn't that good?"

They tottered off and a mild-looking youth, just possibly twenty-one or twenty-two, made application:

"What's your business?" was asked. The youth hesitated. "Say," he began at last, "do you have to put that down? I'm a guy working in a bank and I don't want 'em to get wise to this. I might get fired. Write I'm a clerk; that ought to do."

It was an old man, querulous and aggressive, that the clerk next saw:

"Too danged much red tape," he kept repeating. He had forgotten his father's first name, also his mother's—dead years ago. What did they want to ask those questions for? He had lived in Chicago

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seventy years. . . . Too danged much red tape for him.

Came another angry man, this time middle-aged and well dressed:

What! Wouldn't take \$500? Wait a month? Be blest if he would. Five hundred now or nothing. That was his way; five hundred or nothing. Didn't have to put money in the blamed post-office anyway. There were other banks.

He marched away stuffing his bills in his breast pocket and mumbling.

A Hungarian woman appeared next. She plumped her infant down on the counter and began:

"'Tis my little son I'll be after starting an account for," she announced. "The old man and me ain't much shakes at the savin', but I'm after starting the boy out right. Who gets th' three dollars?"

She was told that the account must be taken out in her own name, and another mother was admitted to the desk. By her side dangled a small odd-shaped urchin, clutching an ornamental beer stein. The clerk inquired:

It was the child's bank, she explained. He had been saving to place his money in the government bank. She snapt open the lid—the stein was full of pennies. The clerk sighed. "There must be 600 to 800," he estimated, as he escaped the task of verifying his estimate on the no-child-depositors clause.

And the line moved on.

A big, bulldog type of man and a wee sharp-eyed woman pounced down on the clerk:

They were actors, they explained volubly, and they were surprised that any one didn't know about the White Rats of America. "A million-dollar company," they repeated several times. They came near being barred through giving as an address their New York booking headquarters—deposits can not be received from non-residents. But the big man, after much bluster, explained. Chicago was their home as much as anywhere, he said. They were admitted and each deposited a \$10 bill.

All evinced offense at questions in any wise personal, and one woman objected to giving her age:

"Put it down 31," she said reluctantly, but later she changed it to 36. A companion giggled offensively. The woman, being French and polite, merely shrugged her shoulders—but expressively.

Near the end of the line strutted a small, bald-headed man in a shiny, old-fashioned cloak, seemingly wedded to a bright, brilliantly new \$20 bill.

Ah! He breathed sardonic triumph. For once the interests, the capitalistic exploiters of the people, had lost their hold. He exulted in what he deemed their discomfiture. He flourished the bill vehemently. "If I had a million," he declared, "not a cent of it would ever go into one of their banks."

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Don'ts.—"Doctors should let the well enough alone."—*Judge.*

Always Asking.—**FRIEND**—"What about the rent of a place like this? I suppose the landlord asks a lot for it?"

HARDUPP—"Yes, rather—he's always asking for it."—*London Opinion.*

Fearful.—**WIFE**—"Why did you refuse to give that man the rooms?"

HUSBAND—"He looked so ill-tempered, I was afraid I should never summon up courage to raise his rent later on."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Enjoyable Guests.—**WILLIS**—"Did they have a good time at your reception last night?"

GILLIS—"Yes, the guests enjoyed it hugely. All my wife's arrangements went wrong."—*Puck.*

A Young Graft.—**STRANGER**—"Boy, will you direct me to the nearest bank?"

STREET GAMIN—"I will for a shilling."

STRANGER—"A shilling! Isn't that too much?"

STREET GAMIN—"Bank directors always get big pay, mister."—*Tit-Bits.*

Peter, the Younger.—**BOATMAN**—"Peter an' me'll not be able to take ye out fishin' to-night, Ma'am; but Peter's nephew will be afther taken' ye av ye like!"

LADY—"Well, I hope Peter's nephew is cleaner than Peter is."

BOATMAN—"He is, M'am, he's younger."—*Punch.*

Not so Much.—**DOCTOR**—"Well, I hope you profited by my advice."

PATIENT—"Yes, doctor; but not so much as you did."—*Boston Transcript.*

Or Want Ads.—A disbeveled citizen rushed into a Boston police station Saturday afternoon, and shouted for vengeance.

"The automobile that hit me five minutes ago was No. 41144," he sputtered.

"I can prove that he was exceeding the speed limit, and I want—I want—"

"You want a warrant for his arrest?"

"Warrant nothing! What good would a warrant do me at the rate he was going? I want extradition papers."—*Boston Traveller.*

A Jelly Face.—"When mama asked if I'd been stealing jelly, I said yes." "Why didn't you deny?" "I didn't have the face to say no."—*Boston Transcript.*

Hard Too.—Thaddeus Stevens and all members of the House tell one anecdote of an occurrence in which Mr. Stevens and the Speaker of the House got into a sharp tangle, ending in Stevens savagely rolling up some documents on which he had been addressing the chair, and turning his back to the Speaker in the most impolite way while passing furiously up the aisle toward the cloak-room.

"Is the gentleman trying to show his contempt for the Speaker?" shouted that dignitary.

"No," thundered back Stevens, turning around and facing the wielder of the gavel; "I am trying to conceal it!"—*Life.*



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Half and Half.—CUSTOMER—"How much for that suit of clothes, if I pay cash?"

TAILOR—"Forty dollars."

CUSTOMER—"How much on credit?"

TAILOR—"Eighty dollars, half of it down."—*Toledo Blade.*

A Life Shaver.—"What was the best job you ever did?" inquired the first barber.

"I once shaved a man," replied the second ditto. "Then I persuaded him to have a hair-cut, singe, shampoo, face massage, sea foam, electric buzz, tar spray, and finally a tonic rub."

"What then?"

"By that time," concluded barber No. 2, "he needed another shave."—*London Answers.*

Up to the Wishbone.—Said an English clergyman, "Patriotism is the backbone of the British Empire; and what we have to do is to train that backbone and bring it to the front."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Leary.—MRS. A.—"Now, Mrs. B., will you come and see our apiary?"

MRS. B. (who has been putting it off all the afternoon)—"Well, Mrs. A., the truth is, you know, I—I'm rather afraid of monkeys."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Very Tidy.—HE—"How clean the surf keeps the sea-shells."

SHE—"Yes, you know the sea is very tidy."—*Lippincott's.*

Never Fail.—"Do you think women would improve politics?"

"Well," replied Mr. Groweher, "after listening to the conversation on the front porch, I'll say this for them: If they ever start an investigation they'll find out something."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Too Little Ton.—SMILEY—"That iceman down the street will have to change his name if he wishes to do any business."

WILEY—"Why? What's his name?"

SMILEY—"Littleton. Some people might not notice it, but I am afraid most folks would shy at a name like that on an ice-dealer's sign."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Hit and Run.—"When I arose to speak," related the martyred statesman, "some one threw a base, cowardly egg at me."

"And what kind of an egg might that be?" asked an attentive listener.

"A base, cowardly egg," explained the statesman, "is one that hits you and then runs."—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

First-rate Record.—JUDGE—"You are charged with non-support of your wife. What have you to say for yourself?"

RASTUS—"Well, judge, I done got her three more washings a week than any other cullud lady in the block."—*Toledo Blade.*

Unimportant.—"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "the cook we took without a recommendation has left us."

"I suppose," was the weary reply, "that is because we are among the things she didn't consider of sufficient value to take with her."—*Washington Star.*

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Tit-for-Tat.—Mark Twain once asked a neighbor if he might borrow a set of books.

"You're welcome to read them in my library," replied the neighbor, ungraciously, "but it is my rule never to let my books leave my house."

Some weeks later the same neighbor sent over to ask for the loan of Mark Twain's lawn-mower.

"Certainly," said Mark, "but since I make it a rule never to let it leave my lawn, you will be obliged to use it there."—*Youth's Companion.*

FIFTY YEARS AGO

September 2.—A Massachusetts regiment surrounds a troop of Charleston cavalry near Harper's Ferry, Va., and takes 20 prisoners. Two companies of Union troops attack a Confederate camp in Maryland County, Va., but are repulsed.

September 3.—Among the appointments of Brigadier-Generals by the President are Capt. George C. Meade, O. O. Howard, and Lewis Wallace.

September 4.—General Pope of the Confederate Army issues a proclamation saying that he is entering the neutral State of Kentucky because the Federal Government had already entered it in defiance of the wishes of the State. The Union gunboats *Tyler* and *Lexington* have an engagement with the Confederate gunboat *Yankee* and the batteries on the Missouri shore near Hickman, Ky., without decisive effect.

The Confederates attack a Union force at Shelbyville, Mo., and compel them to retreat.

September 6.—General Grant takes possession of Paducah, Ky., and issues a proclamation to the inhabitants.

September 7.—The Grand Jury of Westchester County, N. Y., indict three papers of that county and two papers in New York City for utterances disloyal to the Government.

September 8.—Three schooners laden with contraband material, intended for the South, are captured at Hatteras Inlet.

CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

August 18.—The Russian Government awards contracts aggregating \$57,211,362 for the construction of new warships.

August 20.—The British railway strike is settled at a conference between representatives of the strikers and Lloyd-George.

August 22.—Da Vinci's painting, the famous "Mona Lisa," disappears from the Louvre in Paris.

Domestic

WASHINGTON

August 18.—The Flood-Smith Statehood Resolution, with the Arizona judiciary recall clause eliminated, and with changes in New Mexico's constitution, is passed in the Senate by a vote of 53 to 8.

The House fails to overrule the President's veto of the Wool and Free-list Bills.

Dr. Wiley completes his testimony before the House Committee.

August 19.—President Taft signs the Campaign Publicity Bill.

Senator La Follette introduces a bill to determine the exact nature of "reasonable" restraint of trade under the Sherman Law.

August 20.—President Taft announces that he will leave for the "progressive" West on September 17, to return about November 1.

August 21.—President Taft signs the Statehood Bill.

The President nominates James T. Du Bois as Minister to Colombia.

Congress adjourns.

GENERAL

August 24.—Harry N. Atwood arrives at Nyack, 25 miles from New York, breaking the world's record for cross-country flight.

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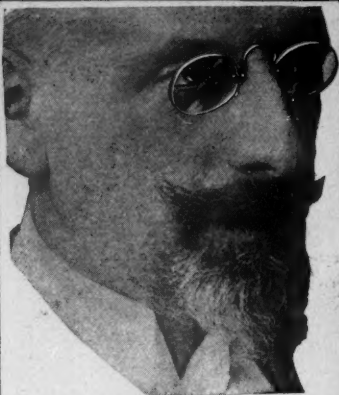
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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnall Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

"G. T. O." Bald Eagle, Minn.—"Please give the correct pronunciations of the words 'isolate' and 'mesoderm.' Has the former word more than one permissible pronunciation?"

The word "isolate" may be pronounced either is'o-late (l as in it), which is the first choice of the STANDARD and Century Dictionaries, or, al'so-late (al as in aisle), the first choice of Webster's, Stormonth's, and New Imperial Dictionaries. "Mesoderm" is pronounced mes'o-derm (e as in met).

"W. H. R." Wheeling, W. Va.—"Is not the word 'ill-health' a contradiction of terms? I make this inquiry because the term is used so often, but it is as objectionable as the much abused adjective 'awful.'"

There are instances of the use of this phrase by literary authorities, as in Pope's *Satires of Horace*, "Ill health some just indulgence may engage." The use of "ill" as an adjective is not now very general, but it is recognized in certain combinations, as, ill health, ill humor, ill temper, ill success. Its meaning, in these phrases is "poor, unsatisfactory, not good." If the phrase "ill health" is criticized from the point of view that "health" denotes an absolute state or condition, admitting of no varying degrees, the criticism must needs also apply to the phrases "poor health," "good health," and others, and these are unquestionably in good standing.

"J. P. N." Downingtown, Pa.—"Please state whether 'direct' or 'directly' should be used in the following two sentences: 'If you prefer to remit direct please see that check reaches me before that date.' 'Ship the goods direct to me.'"

"Direct" and "directly" are both adverbs, and either one may be used in the sentences cited. In the adverbial use, "direct" means "in a straight line; by direct course; directly."

"J. R. J." Washington, D. C.—"Kindly give the correct punctuation of the following sentence: 'Your letter of the 15th ultimo requesting a copy of the article on big game hunting has been received.' Should the phrase 'requesting a copy of the article on big game hunting' be set off by commas? It is contended that this phrase is restrictive, and that it would be preferable to omit the commas, as the use of them makes the phrase parenthetical. Would it be incorrect to omit them?"

Quackenbos's "Rhetoric" makes clear the distinction between parenthetical and restrictive adjuncts. It states that "words, phrases, adjuncts, and clauses are said to be parenthetical when they are not essential to the meaning of a sentence and are introduced in such a way as to break the connection between its component parts." Restrictive expressions "can not be omitted without rendering the sense incomplete. . . . The criterion is, will the meaning of the sentence be preserved if the expression is omitted?" The use of a restrictive expression is illustrated by the sentence, "A man tormented by a guilty conscience can not be happy." The omission of the phrase in the sentence in question, leaves a sentence that is complete: "Your letter of the 15th ultimo has been received"; and even tho the phrase may set forth some additional fact, it still remains parenthetical, and must be set off by a comma before and after it.

"A. M. B." New York, N. Y.—"In expressing the fraction 'three-eighths' in figures, is it permissible to add *ths*, thus: 'Brown Water Co. (\$ths) for interest on mortgage for one month?'"

This form of expression is correct. It is stated in Fernald's "Working Grammar of the English Language" that "to express an ordinal number by a figure, *d* or *th* is added to the figure, according to the sound to be represented; as, 2d, 3d, 4th, etc. Such a form is not an abbreviation and does not require to be followed by a period.

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